

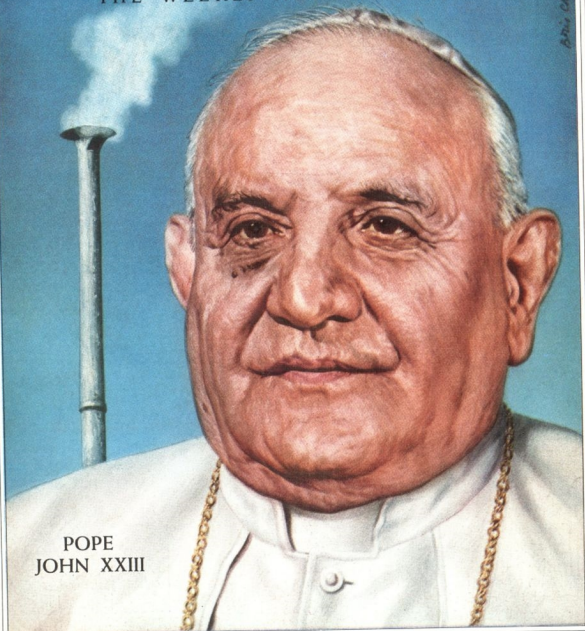
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 10, 1958

U.S. ELECTION: THE WINNERS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



POPE
JOHN XXIII

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VOL. LXXII NO. 19



The Bel Air 4-Door Sedan with a roomier Body by Fisher.

NOTHING'S NEW LIKE CHEVY'S NEW!



Impala Sport Coupe—new down to its tougher Tyrez cord tires.

From the winging shape of its saucy rear deck to the simple elegance of its grille, this car shows you it's new in a decidedly different way. You get more of what you want—more spacious interiors, vast new areas of visibility, a longer lasting finish and all the solid virtues of economy and practicality you've come to expect in a Chevy.

One look at this '59 Chevrolet tells you here's a car with a whole new slant on driving. You see the transformation in its low-set headlights, the overhead curve of its windshield, the sheen of its longer lasting Magic-Mirror acrylic finish.

But to discover all that's fresh and fine you must relax in Chevy's wider seats, feel the loungelike comfort of its new interior, experience the hushed tranquillity of its ride.

You'll also find bigger brakes, a new 6 that gets up to 10 percent more

miles a gallon and vim-packed V8's.

Your Chevrolet dealer's waiting now to show you the car that's shaped to the new American taste. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



*What America wants,
America gets in a Chevy!*

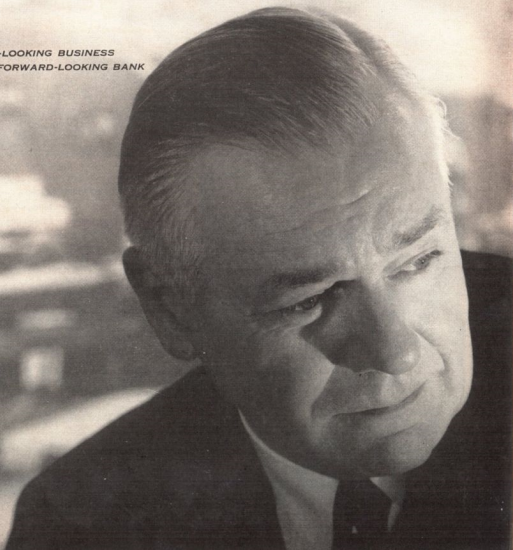
WHAT IS TODAY'S MOST PERPLEXING PENSION PROBLEM?

The problem for corporations is to invest today's contributions for tomorrow's benefits in such a way as to compensate—insofar as possible—for changes in purchasing power and living standards. The best answer is balance and selection in the investment program based on extensive research directed at this problem. Our Pension Trust Division has gained its reputation through successful management of pension and profit-sharing trusts—large and small. Individual attention to each fund has earned Bankers Trust its top position in the field. For further information, write to us at 16 Wall Street, New York 15, N. Y.



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NEW RELAXED FLIGHT is yours in the Piper AutoFlite models of the Apache, Comanche and Tri-Pacer. New comfort, new luxury, too, with distinctive, tasteful styling and new super sound-proofing. Travel by Piper AutoFlite is the simplest, easiest, smartest, most convenient form of transportation.



Piper now makes personal air transportation for business or pleasure even more practical, safe, convenient and effortless with the new 1959 Piper AutoFlites.

For now Piper, and Piper alone, offers as standard equipment in a complete line of business airplanes a built-in automatic flight system that gives you "hands-free" flying...smooths out rough air...flies you there straight as an arrow thanks to its uncanny Heading Lock. You're free to give unhurried attention to navigation, communications, observation—you're a "guest" in your own plane, enjoying the most effortless form of personal transportation ever devised by man.

The practical value of Piper transportation has been proved daily by thousands upon thousands of business corporations and individuals. Now, with the Piper AutoControl in the sensational new 1959 Piper AutoFlites, flying for business or pleasure becomes more and more something you can't afford to overlook. Take a "magic carpet" ride today with your Piper dealer. Or write for new 1959 AutoFlite brochure today, Dept. 12-T, Piper Aircraft Corporation, Lock Haven, Pa.

PIPER



PIPER APACHE—world's most popular, most widely purchased executive twin. Carries 4 or 5 passengers in luxuriously roomy cabin with new super sound-proofing. Cruises 170 mph. Over 50 Apaches have flown the Atlantic and Pacific on routine delivery flights.

FLIGHT EASE

1959 Piper *AutoFlites*



PIPER TRI-PACER. Ideal for beginners, a favorite with experienced pilots as well. Cruises over 130 mph yet combines the most features to simplify flying—tricycle landing gear, simplified controls, famed Piper stability. Carries four in quiet, roomy comfort.

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MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD



This Zippo has been in daily use since it was bought for Christmas in 1938. We fixed it free. Owner's name on request.

After 20 years of daily use, the only thing we had to fix on this Zippo lighter was the hinge.

Call it pride, integrity, or just plain cussedness. The Zippo man believes that when you buy a lighter it should work forever. Not for weeks or for months or for years. Forever.

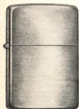
Unlike its many foreign and domestic imitators, a Zippo is not a cheap play-

thing that is soon broken. A Zippo is a wonderfully compact precision-built instrument that will light your cigarettes, cigars, or pipe for the rest of your life!

Each and every Zippo is constructed so carefully that the company is able to offer the most sweeping guarantee in the

annals of American business. No matter how old it is, if a Zippo ever fails to work—we'll fix it free!

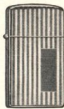
There is a style of Zippo lighter for every smoker on your Christmas list. Don't be fooled by imitations—make sure you give a genuine Zippo.



Regular Zippo. Made Zippo famous. Brush-finish chrome. \$3.50



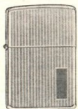
De Luxe Zippo. Highly polished durable chrome finish. \$4.75



New Zippo Slim-Lighter. Ribbon design, gleaming chrome finish. \$6.00



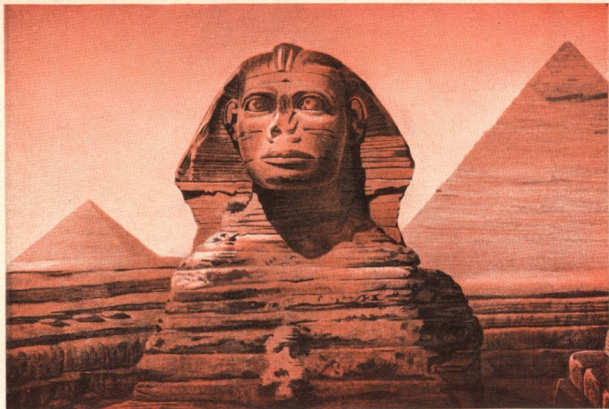
Gold-filled Zippo. 10-kt. gold fused to case, not plated. \$20.00*



Engine-turned Zippo. Smart new design in polished chrome. \$5.75



If you don't see Zippo on the bottom of the lighter, it's not a genuine Zippo.



Why is ARTHRITIS called "the Sphinx of diseases"?

A Sphinx. For arthritis, no less than the Sphinx, is still strange and mysterious in many ways.

For example, the *exact* cause of some types of arthritis remains unknown. Nor do doctors fully understand why it flares up in certain patients and smolders or develops gradually in others . . . why treatment beneficial for one victim may not help another . . . why rheumatoid arthritis strikes women three times as often as men.

Despite such mysteries, when proper treatment is started early . . . or before the affected body joints have been severely damaged . . . there is great likelihood of lasting relief and marked improvement.

Proper treatment for arthritis and other rheumatic diseases . . . affecting about eleven million Americans 14 years of age

and older . . . must be based on the needs of the *individual* patient.

This is because arthritis occurs in many forms, each of which requires special management. Yet, many people brush aside treatment prescribed by their doctors to seek some cure promising quick and complete recovery. *There is no such thing.*

At least 50 forms of arthritis are known to medical science. But only two of the forms together make up more than seventy percent of all rheumatic complaints. These are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Osteoarthritis, or degenerative joint disease, begins as a rule in the thirties or forties as part of the process of aging. It usually attacks joints that undergo greatest wear and tear.

Under proper medical care, a great deal

can be done to lessen discomfort and reduce further damage to joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis may be more serious. Though it involves the joints, it also affects the body. Moreover, it strikes in the prime of life, generally between 20 and 50.

If neglected, rheumatoid arthritis can cause severe crippling. But if it is diagnosed early and treatment is faithfully followed, many patients can be spared disability and helped considerably.

If the disease does not yield to treatment, rehabilitation can often help a handicapped individual continue a useful life.

If your joints become sore, stiff, painful or swollen, consult your doctor . . . and always avoid self-treatment. The sooner you seek his help, the better your chances to head off trouble.

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet "Arthritis," 11-58-T.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS WINTER!

THEY left New York this morning and here they are in Nassau (or Jamaica)...*you can be, too!* Any day you like, you can start getting a same-day suntan.

Just board a BOAC aircraft at Idlewild. To Nassau, a scant 4¼ hours. To Jamaica, only 5½ hours.

That's because BOAC has switched to these short runs its great DC-7C's...and jet-prop Britannias...planes it flies to Europe. Same swift aircraft...same roominess of seating...same attentive British cabin-service from Stewards and Stewardesses who wait on you individually...as they do when you fly BOAC to London.

About the time you begin to get that luxurious feeling ...as if you *were* travelling to Europe...the dazzling sandy beaches of sunlit islands, in their turquoise sea-setting, appear under your aircraft's wings. You're in the sun!

Other flights on to other islands. The very day you left New York, you'll say "Winter? What's that?"

N.B. to Travel Agents: *Clients can't believe Nassau and Jamaica are so near! Show them timetables! Give them brochures, pictures, tour folders. Tell them they can BOOK BOAC...and enjoy the flying comfort of transatlantic-type DC-7C's and jet-prop Britannias!*

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EXTRA JEWELS for greater precision.
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EXTRA JEWELS for smoother winding
at the slightest motion of your wrist.

Now 39 jewels are utilized in a self-winding watch. Exclusive with Girard Perregaux, this is the crowning achievement of our 168 years of fine watchmaking.

Write Dept. 29 for FREE illustrated booklet "The History of Time" and name of nearest GP dealer.

Illus.: 14K gold-filled, self-winding, water-proof*, shock-resistant Gyromatic 39, \$150 incl. fed. tax. Other Gyromatic 39 jewel watches \$125 to \$1000. Famed 17 jewel GP timepieces for men and women \$50 to \$1500.

*provided the case, crystal, and crown are intact.

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LETTERS

Mud Month

Sir: The month of October is always the month when we show our ignorance to the world. The political mudslinging did neither party any good, and anyone who paid any attention to it should have his head examined by a nonpartisan psychiatrist.

PHILIP YARNELL

Baltimore

Sir:

After reading your whitewashing of Ike, I want to cancel my subscription. When I subscribe to a magazine, I want news—not love notes about that golf-playing idiot in Washington.

GORDON H. MARTIN

San Francisco

The Eugeons

Sir:

We were delighted to see our own Amos Alonzo Stagg on your Oct. 20 cover. Mr. Stagg is a vital part of the life of our association. He is idolized by the youngsters, and has become an example of the highest qualities of Christian character—which we have encouraged our older boys and young men to follow.

CARL I. MELANDER

Y.M.C.A.
Stockton, Calif.

Sir:

You included the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, but nary a diplomat. I therefore nominate Robert Peet Skinner, a career Foreign Service great. As keen as mustard, Mr. Skinner at 92 is fighting for the return of an honest U.S. dollar.

JAMES B. STEWART
U.S. Ambassador (ret.)

Denver

Sir:

Or Pediatrician Dr. Sydney V. Haas of New York. He is 85 plus.

MARGOT SEITELMAN

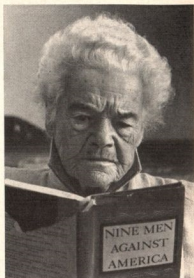
Brooklyn

Sir:

Seeing Eisenstaedt's gallery of U.S. elders is inspiring. What a privilege it would be to meet the owners of those faces. One would like to know about their errors and omissions, foibles, loves and hates, and whether they were child delinquents or loved by their parents and happy in their youth.

MRS. R. G. MESNEY

Curacao, N.A.



Sir: Oh! So Time has interest only in men!
ADELINE DE WALT REYNOLDS
Hollywood

Oh, no! For an Eisenstaedt study of "Grandma" Reynolds, 97, who became a movie actress after 75, see cut.—Ed.

Sir:

How could you possibly have omitted Bishop Herbert Welch, the remarkable senior bishop of the Methodist Church, who is 96?

HOWARD E. STRAUCH

Delaware, Ohio

Sir:

Growing old usefully—excellent! Thank you for your kind reference. It accords well with "eugeron" [a well old man].

C. WARD CRAMPTON, M.D.

Miami

The Pleasure of His Company

Sir:

Plenty of men and women come to Broadway bearing checkbooks. Bumptious or diffident, they hover on the fringe for a season or two. They go over the bumps and to the cleaners and back to their natural habitat, taking with them some deductible losses and dinner conversation. Roger Stevens

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
November 10, 1958

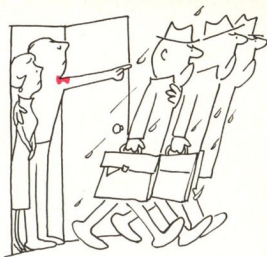
Volume LXXII
Number 19

TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1958



1.

Bob Higbee had an uncle and two cousins twice-removed
From whom he bought insurance *they* had heartily approved.
But when Bob tried to place a claim he found to his chagrin
A gap within the policies provided by his kin.



2.

That was the final straw—Bob gave his relatives the gate;
He got himself a Travelers man, Bob says, "He's really great!
Now gone is my Achilles heel—we're shielded head to toe.
My solid Travelers plan preserves our home sweet bungalow.



3.

"The Travelers keeps its eye on all—life, health and property,
Provides for future needs as well—I'm never up a tree!
My wife and I in later years can gauge the rain in Spain,
Or send our kids to college—all without financial strain."



4.

The Higbees now are in the pink—the future's looking grand.
American Family Independence—that's the life they planned.
Besides, they pay but once a month—with Travelers' Budget Plan.
You, too, can live on Easy Street—just call your Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

THE TRAVELERS

Insurance Companies

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1958

YOU CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE

Change to WOLF'S HEAD. You can tell the difference in lower oil consumption, fewer repair bills, better all around performance. It's the "finest of the fine" premium motor oils.



- The Oil with Nature's Miracle Molecule — 100% Pure Pennsylvania.
- Refined three important steps beyond ordinary motor oils.
- Scientifically fortified to clean as it lubricates.

WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.

WHY WALL STREET JOURNAL READERS LIVE BETTER

By a Subscriber

I work in a large city. Over a period of time I noticed that men who read The Wall Street Journal are better dressed, drive better cars, have better homes, and eat in better restaurants. I said to myself, "Which came first, the hen or the egg? Do they read The Journal because they have more money, or do they have more money because they read The Journal?"

I started asking discreet questions. I found that men who are well off have to have the information in The Journal. And average fellows like me can win advancement and increased incomes by reading The Journal.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,500 to \$25,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in five cities — New York, Washington, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$7. Just send this ad with check for \$7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. TM 11-10

[Oct. 20] came with a checkbook, but he made it. He is in the theater. And his contribution is unique. You described him the opening night of a hit. Closing night of a flop tells a lot more. He blew in from somewhere (London? Washington? Detroit?) to catch the author. "I'm glad we did it."

MRS. ELIA KAZAN

New York City

Sir:

I have done five plays with Mr. Roger L. Stevens. Unlike most producers, he brings idealism, love and a fine mind to our theater, and I, for one, am grateful for it.

KIM STANLEY

New York City

Sir:

Mr. Stevens became a member of this company in 1951 only because the then writing members of it—Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood and Elmer Rice—had desperate need of the business ability and organizing acumen to accelerate production of plays by other authors which Roger Stevens, a successful businessman, was eminently able to provide. That Mr. Stevens also happened to have some ready cash was deplored by none of us.

WILLIAM FIELDS

The Playwrights' Company

New York City

Our Man on PP. 39-41

Sir:

I am puzzled by the reference in your kindly review of *Our Man in Havana* to my "[slipping in a cruel] pointless caricature of a dumb U.S. businessman." I can't remember any such character.

I grow old... I grow old...

GRAHAM GREENE

New York City

See pp. 39-41 of *Our Man in Havana*.—Ed.

Buckley's Elite

Sir:

Your Oct. 20 Milestone implied that William Frank Buckley founded a school in order to produce an "intellectual elite" from his grandchildren. My father's grandchildren are an intellectual elite by heritage. The school he built will give them the education befitting such an elite.

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

West Hartford, Conn.

The Pope

Sir:

I am not a Catholic, but I was extremely glad to see the tasteful way in which TIME, Oct. 20 reported the Pope's demise. I think it was disgusting the way others reported it—as if it were a football game or some other play-by-play contest.

BERNARD K. STUART

Morristown, N.J.

Sir:

You say that Pius XII "was able to make a tormented world feel the attraction of Christian goodness." Protestants in Spain, Colombia and Italy never felt this Christian goodness at the hands of the Roman Catholic Church during his reign.

CALVIN V. SMALHEER

Gates Mills, Ohio

Sir:

I have just read your story. A good many of us wish you would write and write for the reading public instead of the Roman Catholic Church.

CLIFFORD WORTHING

Cincinnati

Talking Women

Sir:

I am shocked to hear the news of a woman's being considered for ordination in the Lutheran Church. Britta Olen says she's going to Africa to preach the word of God [Oct. 13]; yet she is doing exactly what the Bible forbids—how is she going to explain this to the natives?

FREDERICK PORTER

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

"Let your women keep silence in the churches" does not refer to women as preachers but to their tendency for gossiping.

ELIZABETH ASKUE

Cleveland



Andre Villars

Arp's Art

Sir:

Congratulations on your Oct. 13 review of the sculpture of Jean Arp. His work is not only modern but eternal as well. His is definitely some of the freest, loveliest art I've ever seen.

How about a picture of this remarkable creator?

R. G. HALÉVY
Santa Barbara, Calif.

See cut.—Ed.

Mutual Misunderstanding

Sir:

Perhaps Mr. Richard M. Alpher, who wrote [Oct. 6] about making "your stupid Southerners stupider," should come South to school to learn the proper use of the comparative form of the word "stupid." How can we come to mutual understanding when we have such people, who are blatant, ungracious, prejudiced and ignorant?

LEON W. GILLASPIE

Birmingham

Sir:

Re our school-less winter [Oct. 13]: We Virginians have a past to be proud of, the present to be ashamed of, and a future of rehabilitation.

GLENN N. WILL

Broadway, Va.

Inside & Outside China

Sir:

Never have I read a horror story as frightening as "The People's Communes" [Oct. 20]. One really wonders if this isn't the end of civilization. Red China is heading fast to the day when "privacy" is a dirty word, as "individual" is already. Living in barracks! Women "released" to dig ditches rather than make homes for their families! Even small vegetable plots outlawed!

JEAN BERRY

Altadena, Calif.

Sir:

"Ants" or not, the Chinese people are probably happier and more prosperous today than they ever were under Chiang's corrupt regime. You Yanks might do well to clean up your own backyard before casting disparaging remarks at the efforts of others.

GORDON E. WRIGHT

Stanbridge East, Quebec

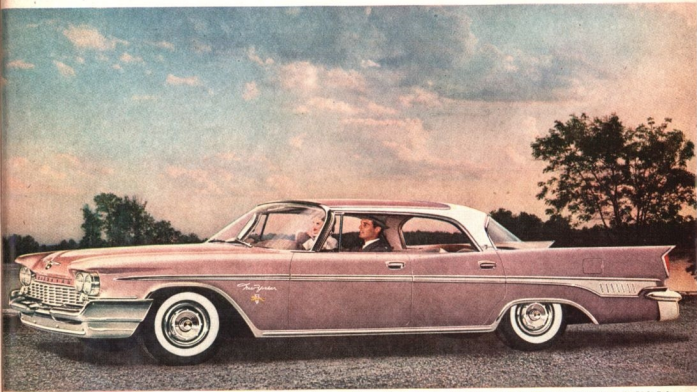
Sir:

Last month my husband and I visited Red China as tourists. Not for a minute would we underestimate the value of their primitive



NEW CHRYSLER '59

... the lion-hearted car that's every inch a new adventure



In the style that set the standard for an industry: Chrysler New Yorker 4-Door Hardtop in Lustre-Bond Metallic Light Ruby

Your new setting for adventure . . . Chrysler '59. It's every inch a new and different car!

From regal grille to channeled roof to gently rising fins, this Chrysler's mood is motion!

Answer that impulse to get in and go. Chrysler's Swivel Seat, available in '59, ushers you inside. Around you, exciting fabrics, generous head and legroom, wide tempered safety glass windows.

Feel new excitement grow at your fingertips as Chrysler's all-new Golden Lion engine murmurs its might. This swift and efficient engine puts out more power, more torque per pound than any Chrysler engine in history! It eats up the miles, eases up on gas.

Now, push a button and give this new beauty its head!

Snarling town traffic is easily tamed in this lion-hearted Chrysler. But a highway really highlights its virtues. You ride on whispering wheels as newly available True-Level Torsion-Aire suspension banishes bumps. Auto-Pilot, Chrysler's optional driver-assist, patrols and holds your speed . . . lets your right foot rest.

Yes, driving's adventurous again! Your Chrysler dealer has 15 new models in a wide price range. Drive one soon.

LION-HEARTED
CHRYSLER '59



so highly Regarded...so easily Recognized...so thoroughly Enjoyed...

Perfected more than 3 centuries ago...unmatched ever since!

Don't be Vague...say Haig & Haig ★ BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF ★ RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

blast furnaces or their national scrap-metal drives. China's population is organized to lift this country into the 20th century, and when you refer to her 500 million peasants as "ants" it is worth remembering that quotation from *Proverbs*: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; etc."

PRUDENCE MYER

Melbourne, Australia

Moon Probe

Sir:

Re the Pioneer moon rocket [Oct. 20]: Can the educators in the U.S. claim any credit for the partial success of the moon rocket, or are they credited only with the failures?

CARL CAMPBELL

Shippensburg, Pa.

Sir:

You say "in three minutes [the Pioneer moon rocket] was gone from sight, truly free, reaching up to where no man-made thing had ever touched." On Oct. 16, 1957 some of my colleagues and I launched artificial meteors from an Aerobee rocket at Holloman Air Force Base at about 100,000-ft. height and with speeds up to 50,000 ft. per second. At least one of these pellets has now made the tour around the sun.

F. ZWICKY

Professor of Astrophysics

California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

It looks as if the rocket boys have their hand deep in the till and are freely indulging their very human desire to play with fireworks. It is time for someone who still retains a spark of sanity to tell us the truth: that we are spending billions—with little or no chance of realizing any practical return—at a time when we desperately need to balance the budget and check inflation. As for going to the moon, an astronomer, once asked at a lecture whether anything would be gained by sending a man to the moon, said: "Yes, we would be rid of another moon."

FLOYD YOUNG

Carlsbad, Calif.

Sir:

Fortunately for him, *TIME*, Oct. 20 does not identify the "Air Force colonel" whose estimate of the firing of the moon-probe rocket was expressed in such foulmouthed banality. If this represents the mental and moral level of those who are playing with the terrible new weapons of destruction, God have pity on us.

(*THE REV.*) ALBERT P. STAUDERMAN
The Lutheran
Philadelphia

Sir:

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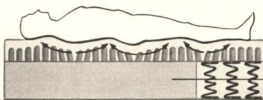
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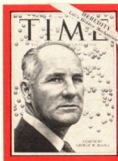
A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



THREE FACES OF CHALIAPIN

IT WAS 11:30 a.m. on the Eastern Seaboard—the hour of shopping at the supermarket or of getting ready for a business lunch—when word flashed from Rome that a new Pope had been chosen. It was 9:07 a.m. on the West Coast—time to make breakfast or to drive to work—when the flickering radio signal carried the voice of Cardinal Cardinal announcing, in his soft, Italianate Latin: “*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum—habemus papam.*” The press, whose attention for days had been focused on the smoke signals from the Sistine Chapel, promptly provided both great clouds and small wisps of facts about the man who would henceforth be known as John XXIII. TIME’s task was to organize the mass of facts—which reached the U.S. haphazardly morning and night for a week—into a coherent, intelligible story. TIME’s cover story on the new Pope strives to 1) give a complete account of the man’s life, personality and accomplishments; 2) explain the circumstances of his election; 3) state the problems he faces against the background of the papacy’s history. See RELIGION, “I Choose John . . .”



NOBEL PRIZEWINNER

TIME Cover Artist Boris Chaliapin set something of a speed record with his portrait of John XXIII. He began painting the minute he heard the news, worked through the night, finished the next morning, in good time for the picture to be flown from his Connecticut studio to the engraving and printing plant in Chicago.

WITH its own kind of mathematical and a menagerie of strange-looking symbols, the young science of genetics was for years no more meaningful to the general public than the cuneiform inscriptions of ancient Babylonia. Hiroshima changed that. The possible genetic effects of radioactive fallout—monstrous malformations of the human form brought about by exposure of human genes to radioactivity—were easily, and chillingly, imaginable. Genetics became a matter of immediate concern to all men. Last summer TIME’s editors explored this mysterious area at the root of life in a cover story on Geneticist George Wells Beadle of Caltech (TIME, July 14). Last week the Nobel Prize committee chose Governor Beadle and his partner Edward L. Tatum to share 1958’s award for Medicine (see SCIENCE). The other half of the award went to Dr. Joshua Lederberg, 33, whom TIME’s story singled out as “probably the world’s greatest young geneticist.”

EARLY descriptions of radioactive fallout’s effect on future generations were subject to exaggeration. Now, an M.I.T. study shows that the human capacity to absorb radium may exceed the previous medical estimates by as much as 25 times. For the sobering story, see MEDICINE, Radium Hangovers.

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And it's the shortest, fastest way to the Orient, too, Isabella

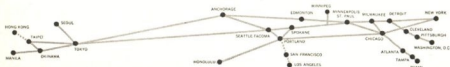
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Size of Victory

From Maine in September to California in November, it was a Democratic year. In this week's elections Democrats edged Republicans in the races for gubernatorial seats, increased their 85th Congress holding in the House from 233 to something in the order of 268-273, jumped the Democratic Senate margin by at least a dozen seats.

Such was the Democratic Senate victory that it will be virtually impossible for Republicans to recapture control of the Senate in 1960; not enough Democrats will be up for re-election in non-Southern states to permit the G.O.P. to make up its 1958 deficit. When the 86th Congress convenes in January, a Republican President will be confronted by the heaviest opposition-party majority in this century.

THE ELECTIONS

The Meaning of 1958

The Democratic surge to lopsided control of the 86th Congress began with the night's first returns. The sun had barely set in the Pacific when Democrats got the news of a stunning party sweep in Con-

necticut. Then came word that Vermont had sent its first Democrat to Congress in 106 years. The Democratic bandwagon came to a screeching halt in New York, where Republican Nelson Rockefeller, after a remarkable personal campaign, carried the G.O.P. ticket to a vital win. But the Democrats regained their momentum moving westward, and climaxed their victory with the overwhelming defeat of Republican William Knowland for Governor in California.

Plainly Personal. In part, the Democratic wins followed the tradition favoring the party out of White House power in off-year elections. But even more, the 1958 election was based on bread-and-butter issues and on personalities. In state after state, voters showed themselves willing to split their tickets to elect the most attractive candidates, regardless of party. Rockefeller's win was plainly personal—and so was Knowland's defeat.

In New England, chronic economic problems obviously played a major part in Democratic gains and sharply reduced Republican margins. In West Virginia, hard hit by recession, Democrats easily won two Senate seats. In New York, Rockefeller successfully managed to blame state economic problems on Democratic Governor Averell Harriman.

Labor unions poured in money and effort as rarely before against right-to-work laws and proposals—and the results came to exciting focus in the Democratic victories in such generally Republican states as Indiana and Ohio. Economic hotspots, e.g., Indiana's South Bend district with its hundreds of unemployed Studebaker workers, took out their resentment on Republicans. Farmers, despite their own upturning economy, failed to return to their historic Republicanism in nearly enough numbers to make up the difference. Only in the South, with its improving economy, did Republicans come near holding their own in the congressional elections—and there, they had precious little to hold.

Notable Failures. Admitting defeat within four hours after the Eastern polling places had closed, Republican National Chairman Meade Alcorn grimly promised that the campaign for the 1960 elections would "begin on November 5, 1958." From the Republican standpoint, it would have to. The 1958 elections proved that party organization work is a fulltime job, that last-minute campaign efforts are not enough. President Eisenhower, entering



Associated Press
REPUBLICAN ROCKEFELLER
 Into the national picture.

the campaign in its last weeks, notably failed—as he had failed in 1954—to reverse the Democratic trends in California, West Virginia, Kansas, Iowa and Colorado (and Ike's own Pennsylvania Congressmen, Republican S. Walter Stauter, went down to defeat).

More than anything else, the 1958 elections showed that neither political party can count on blind following from the U.S. voter. Many a split ticket elected a Governor of one party and Senator of another in the same state. Result of the split ticket: the U.S. is in for more than its usual share of bipartisan government, beginning at the statehouses and running resoundingly to Washington.

THE CONGRESS

The Senate

Arizona: Trailing in the pollsters' books only a few weeks ago, Republican Incumbent Barry Goldwater, 49, closed the gap with a flurry of TV talks, trimmed outgoing Governor Ernest McFarland after a bare-knuckle campaign that had the rancor of a personal feud. By beating McFarland, despite the Democratic trend, by winning in the teeth of Big Labor's threat to get him, unabashedly conservative Barry Goldwater emerged as Capi-



John Greensmith—San Diego Union-Tribune
DEMOCRAT BROWN
 Out of the ruins.



Bill Bridges
ENGLE



Walter Bennett
HART



Stuart Symington
McCARTHY



Hugh Scott Jr.
DODD



John Kerr
G. Tillard—Indianapolis News
HARTKE

A tide rolling across the land.

tol Hill's No. 1 spokesman of the Republican right wing.

California: Liberal Republican Governor Goodwin J. Knight, 61, hitherto a favorite of California Democrats, paid the price for a hopelessly crippled G.O.P. campaign, lost to conservative Democratic Congressman Clair Engle, 47.

Connecticut: Ex-Congressman Thomas J. Dodd turned a cautiously predicted victory into an overwhelming one, blasted Incumbent Republican Senator William Purtell out of office.

Delaware: Conservative Republican "Honest John" Williams, 54, beat down the substantial threat of ex-Governor Elbert N. Carvel, 48, to win a third term.

Florida: Democrat Spessard Holland, 66, ambled to his third term.

Indiana: In a big switch for a Republican state—and still vindicating insistent newspaper polls—Evansville's Democratic Mayor R. (for Rupert) Vance Hartke, 39, overran Governor Harold Handley, 48, who was bedeviled by recession ills, high taxes and highway scandals.

Maryland: Colorful, never-defeated Baltimore Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, 55, had won 23 elections in a row until he ran for the Senate against colorless, never-defeated Republican Incumbent J. Glenn Beall, 64. D'Alesandro got off to an early lead in the Baltimore returns, but despite the overwhelming victory of Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate J. Millard Tawes, Beall (rhymes with well) ran far enough ahead of D'Alesandro in the counties to cop the victory.

Massachusetts: The 1960 presidential hopes of rich, boyish John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 41, got a hefty boost from the 3-1 lopsidedness of his victory over Republican Vincent Celeste.

Michigan: Unhappy over heavy unemployment in the auto industry, Michigan voters swept out of office Senator Charles E. Potter, 42, last major G.O.P. officeholder in a onetime Republican stronghold, swept in popular, able Lieutenant Governor Philip A. Hart, 45.

Minnesota: What began as a toe-to-toe shooting match turned into a hands-down victory for Congressman Eugene McCarthy, 42, who buried forever the legend that a Roman Catholic could not be elected to statewide office in Minnesota, rode

the well-oiled Democrat-Farmer-Labor machine to a thoroughgoing victory over the Republicans' two-term incumbent, Ikeman Ed Thyne, 62.

Missouri: Democrat Stuart Symington, 57, wanted to win big to brighten his prospects for the 1960 presidential nomination. So he ran hard and won big.

Nevada: Mossback Republican George W. Malone, 68, lost his third-term race to middle-of-the-road Democrat Howard W. Cannon, 46, Las Vegas city attorney for ten years, less on political grounds than because Las Vegans, who recently surpassed Reno in population, were peeved because all three Nevadans in Congress were from Reno.

New Jersey: After a lackluster campaign, Lawyer and Onetime (1953-56) Congressman Harrison A. Williams, 38, defeated longtime Republican Congressman Robert W. Kean, 65, became the first New Jersey Democrat elected to the Senate since 1936, bolstering the 1960 presidential prestige of his sponsor and patron, Democratic Governor Robert Meyner.



Hugh Scott Jr.
PENNSYLVANIA'S SCOTT
Here and there an exception.

North Carolina: Textile Manufacturer B. Everett Jordan, 62, conservative Democrat appointed to the Senate last April after W. Kerr Scott died, won a predictably lopsided contest for the remaining two years of Scott's term.

North Dakota: Maverick Republican "Wild Bill" Langer, 72, won re-election to his fourth term without going home to campaign.

Ohio: In the year's biggest surprise, Right-Wing Republican John Bricker, 65, three-term Governor (1939-45) and 1944 vice presidential nominee, lost his bid for a third term to Lawyer Stephen M. Young, 69, perennial Democratic candidate.

Pennsylvania: Hugh Scott Jr., 57, longtime (eight terms) Republican Congressman from Philadelphia, onetime G.O.P. National Committee chairman in the Dewey days, and an early Eisenhower partisan, breasted the recession blues that covered Pennsylvania, took on Democratic Governor George Leader, 40, profited by splinters in the Democratic Party and dissatisfaction with Leader's administration, won an unexpected victory.

Rhode Island: Tough-skinned John O. Pastore, 51, saved his own hide, despite a strong protest vote in his second race against Republican Bayard Rustin, 42.

Tennessee: Democrat Albert Gore, 50, was expected to win in a romp, and did.

Texas: Incumbent Democrat Ralph Yarborough, 55, trounced Republican Millionaire Roy Whittenburg by a Texas-sized margin.

Utah: Ex-Governor J. Bracken Lee, 59, ran as an independent against two-term Republican Arthur Watkins, 71, cut into the normal G.O.P. majority enough to elect Salt Lake's Democratic County Attorney Frank E. Moss, 48.

Vermont: Eisenhower Republican Winston L. Prouty, three-term Congressman, took an early lead and kept ahead of popular Democrat Frederick J. Fayette, the state's first serious Democratic threat in years, by one of the smallest pluralities (some 5,500) in the history of the Vermont G.O.P.

Virginia: Apple-growing Democrat Harry Byrd, the Senate's leathery old (71) Mr. Economy, easily plucked a fifth term.

Washington: Democrat Henry M.

("Scoop") Jackson, 46, scooped up a predicted second term.

West Virginia: After going Republican in 1956, this state returned to its Democratic normalcy in a landslide. Old Guard Republican Chapman Revercomb was unseated by Democratic Congressman Robert C. Byrd, 40, for the full term. Blunt-spoken Banker John Hoblitzell, 45, was beaten by Congressman Jennings Randolph for a two-year remainder term.

Wisconsin: Amiable Bill Proxmire, 42, Democrat elected last year to Joe McCarthy's seat, easily skipped in ahead of inept Republican Tyro Roland J. Steinle, 62.

The House

At National Democratic Headquarters on Washington's K Street, a delighted yelp went up when early returns from Connecticut's six congressional races were posted. Democrats had hoped to take four of the state's six seats; instead they scored a grand slam and hauled in all six. And as the evening wore on, similar gains across the U.S. gave Democrats the bright view of a strengthened hold on the House, which they dominated last session by a majority of 35 votes. Probable Democratic gain in this year's election: 35 to 40 votes.

¶ In Maryland, a revamped Democratic organization easily held its own four seats, also picked up the remaining three from Republicans, including the Eastern Shore seat of six-term G.O.P. Congressman Edward T. Miller, 63;

¶ In Vermont, Political Amateur William H. Meyer, 44, became the first Democrat sent to Washington in 106 years by edging ex-Governor Harold J. Arthur for the state's lone House seat;

¶ In Indiana, Democrats making mileage with attacks on Republican scandals picked up five Republican seats. Political Science Professor John Brademas, 31, unseated Freshman Republican F. Jay Nimtz and Theater Owner Joseph Barr, 40, toppled four-term Charles Brownson;

¶ In Iowa, Democratic gains extended to the House, e.g., onetime Young Democrats National President Neal E. Smith defeated eight-term Republican Paul Cunningham, whose past pluralities had been dropping and who had lost important labor support;

¶ Pennsylvania Democrats, among their gains in House seats, picked up President Eisenhower's home district, where James M. Quigley, 40, defeated S. Walter Stauffer and gained back the seat that Stauffer won from him two years ago;

¶ In West Virginia's Fourth District, onetime Adlai Stevenson Campaign Aide Ken Hechler defeated 83-year-old Dr. Will E. Neal, one of whose boasts was that he had delivered almost half of his constituents.

Elsewhere, Democrats nibbled away at isolated Republican districts to add to the gains they started with last month's Maine election. In New York they picked up a seat apiece in the normal Republican strongholds of Buffalo and Schenectady; in Kentucky's Third District (Louisville) State Legislator Frank W.



WINNER BRADEMAS
New faces.

Burke, 38, defeated John M. Robison, who went to Washington six years ago on Dwight Eisenhower's coattails.

But nowhere was the Democratic gain more impressive than in Connecticut. And in Connecticut none of the Democratic victories were more impressive than two: 1) in Eastern Connecticut's Second District, onetime (1951-53) Ambassador to India Chester Bowles, 57, toppled five-term Republican Horace Seely-Brown Jr.; 2) in heavily Republican Fairfield County, Democratic Lawyer Donald J. Irwin defeated Albert P. Morano, became the first Democrat elected in an off-year election in the county in 28 years.

But while Democrats were running strong for House seats in other sections



WINNER DI SALLE
Old faces, retreated.

of the U.S., a handful of embattled Republicans in the South held firm. Five G.O.P. Southern Congressmen retained their seats, notably among them Dallas' Bruce Alger, who held off the strong challenge of Democrat Barefoot Sanders.

THE STATES

The Governors

Their ranks gravely broken at the national level, Republicans fared better at the state line, but not enough for any consolation prizes. In the 32 states that elected Governors, Republicans picked up four seats, lost seven for sure, with two more still in doubt. Key results:

Arizona: Riding in Senator Barry Goldwater's wake, Republicans turned a predicted loss into an unexpected gain, elected Republican Paul Fannin, 51, over State Attorney General Robert Morrison, whose youthful jail term (for bad checks) got plenty of campaign publicity.

Colorado: By a 2-to-1 majority, Democratic Incumbent Stephen L. R. McNichols won re-election, dragged all but one of the state party slate along with him.

Connecticut: In a record-busting burst of bipartisanship, voters handed Incumbent Abraham Ribicoff, 48, the biggest plurality for a Democrat in state history—and his second term.

Iowa: Democratic Incumbent Herschel Loveless' corn-belt syntax and his rumpled common-man appeal, plus rural discontent with Ezra Taft Benson, all combined to give Loveless the nod over Republican William G. Murray, whose polished professorial phrases were largely wasted on Iowa ears.

Kansas: For the first time since it became a state, Kansas handed a second term to a Democratic Governor. The winner, Banker George Docking, shrewdly spent his first two years building a smooth-running donkey engine in this G.O.P. stronghold, won friends in thrifty Kansas by vetoing a state sales tax increase, relied on bounteous crops and rural content, neatly knocked down promising Republican Contender Clyde Reed Jr.

Maryland: In a no-personality contest between longtime (17 years) State Comptroller J. Millard Tawes and Republican Congressman James P. S. Devereux, ex-Marine war hero, Democratic Workhorse Tawes coasted all the way in to recapture the Governor's chair for Democrats.

Massachusetts: Running on his generally undistinguished two years in office, Democrat Foster Furcolo piled up an early 2-to-1 victory margin.

Michigan: Democrat "Soapy" Williams, who has the habit, was tidily re-elected to his sixth term.

Minnesota: Relaxed behind a tradition of Democrat-Farm-Labor Party strength, Incumbent Democrat Orville L. Freeman, 40, seized an early and commanding lead over Republican George MacKinnon, held it.

Nevada: Swept under in the Democratic wave: Republican Governor Charles H. Russell, beaten by Democrat Grant Sawyer.



OREGON'S HATFIELD
A case of re-Morse.

New Hampshire: Normally Republican, the state stayed that way, elected Republican Wesley Powell to fill the shoes of retiring Governor Lane Dwinell.

New Mexico: An outside hope to hang on to his seat, three-time Republican Governor Edwin L. Mechem, 46, fell before Democrat John Burroughs, 51, a peanut processor from Portales.

Ohio: If Republican Incumbent C. (for nothing) William O'Neill, 42, ever had a chance for re-election, he muffed it when he came out in favor of Ohio's right-to-work referendum. For patient, politically magic Mike Di Salle, 50, onetime chief of Harry Truman's Office of Price Stabilization, who challenged O'Neill unsuccessfully two years ago, that cinched it. Counting on a heavy labor vote in highly industrial Ohio, as well as widespread dissatisfaction with Governor O'Neill, Di Salle was not disappointed. His winning margin: 3 to 2. Right-to-work's losing margin: 3 to 2.

Oklahoma: Democratic Nominee J. Howard Edmondson won with no contest, became the youngest (33) Governor in state history.

Oregon: In campaign's last minute, U.S. Senator Wayne Morse stuck his new (since 1955) Democratic nose in the governorship race to gig Republican Mark Hatfield by dredging up an ancient traffic charge and making Hatfield the villain. Until then, the Democratic candidate, Robert D. Holmes, was the predicted winner of a close election. In what was rated as a vote of outrage against Busybody Morse, Republican Hatfield took the statehouse.

Pennsylvania: Despite an unexpectedly sturdy showing by Republican Arthur T. McGonigle, 52, Reading pretzel manufacturer, the Democrats manufactured a winning edge for four-time Pittsburgh Mayor David Leo Lawrence, 69.

Rhode Island: Ravaged by internecine disputes, Rhode Island's once-muscular Democratic machine wavered in the primary, provided a real flank opening for popular Republican Christopher Del Sesto, 51, whose knife-edged victory over Democrat Dennis J. Roberts, 55, two years ago was reversed on a technicality. This time Republican Del Sesto turned the trick against Roberts, won by better than a knife's edge.

South Dakota: Incomplete returns gave a sizable lead to Democratic Ralph Hersth over Republican Phil Saunders.

Texas: On a solid tide of restored party fealty, Democrat Price Daniel was an easy winner.

Vermont: Predicted easy-winner Republican Robert T. Stafford bucked such a strong Democratic trend that his opponent, Bernard J. Leddy, may contest Stafford's winning margin (an unofficial 1,200 votes).

Wisconsin: The indefatigably confident campaign of Democratic State Senator Gaylord A. Nelson, 42, caught fire in a state whose Republicans have despaired since losing Joe McCarthy's U.S. Senate seat last year to Democrat Bill Proxmire. Probably helped by Proxmire's thumping re-election victory, Nelson unseated once-popular Republican Incumbent Vernon W. Thompson.

California

William Fife Knowland had been U.S. Senator from California for 13 years, was the Republican leader on Capitol Hill, and almost certainly could have been re-elected for another term. But that was not enough for big, bullheaded Bill Knowland. He wanted to be Governor of California, and he had a longer-range eye on the presidency of the U.S. He went home, crudely shoved aside Governor Goodwin Knight, forcing Knight to run for the Senate. Bitterly split by the Knowland power play, the California G.O.P. organization tore itself to shreds, and Knowland was buried in the ruins by pleasant, popular Democratic Attorney General Edmund ("Pat") Brown. The Republican Party of California lay wrecked on the shoals of Bill Knowland's ambition.

New York

Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller cast his vote on the biggest morning of his life in a room stacked with deer heads, moose antlers and stuffed pheasants at Hilltop Engine Co. 1 Firehouse at Pocantico Hills, N.Y., the village polling place. Rockefeller bought the place some time ago to save it from foreclosure, then let the firemen have it. "How do you feel?" somebody asked. "Great!" said the Rock, 50, and he looked it—chunky, electric, tired but tireless. Way behind entrenched Democrat Averell Harriman at campaign's outset, he was now rated 9-to-5 favorite. "I've done the best I could," said Rockefeller. "Now it's up to the public, the way it should be."

That evening Rockefeller sat with his brothers in Manhattan's Roosevelt Hotel,

watched the public's verdict roll up a smashing 450,000-plus victory. Rockefeller captured upstate Buffalo by 5,500 votes where Harriman had won by 10,600 in 1954, carried Schenectady County by a bigger margin than Tom Dewey in 1950, increased G.O.P. margins in suburban Westchester and Nassau Counties, held Harriman below 60% of the vote in New York City by scoring heavily with liberals, independents, minority groups. Rockefeller carried in with him the Republican state ticket, led by upstate Congressman Kenneth Keating, elected U.S. Senator over Tammany-backed Democrat Frank Hogan. Conceded a game Averell Harriman, 66: "I congratulate Mr. Rockefeller and extend to him my best wishes."

Rockefeller, third generation of the famous family that moved from organized capitalism to organized philanthropy to organized public service, won with a dramatic new blend of personal dynamism and political skill. He concentrated unerringly on state issues, e.g., stop loss of industry from high-tax New York; crack down on organized crime; preserve rent controls, the 15¢ subway fare; find new solutions for commuter problems. He appealed to independents, even edged slightly away from Vice President Nixon when Nixon visited New York. He successfully depicted Democrat Harriman as a creature of Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapio. But above all, Nelson Rockefeller, now rated a presidential possibility for 1960, won because he was a vital, vigorous new force and new face in politics. Thomas E. Dewey's one-word estimate of why Rockefeller won: "Rockefeller!"

At 12:30 a.m. Wednesday Rockefeller held his first victory press conference, fended off peppering questions about 1960, "I have only one interest now," he said, "and that is to be Governor. Honest to God, I have no other plans."



Associated Press

NEW YORK'S KEATING
A case against Tammany.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Years Ahead

As Dwight Eisenhower wound up three weeks and 6,860 miles of campaigning by plane and train last week, one sobering prospect appeared to lie uppermost in his mind. For other Republicans there would be more pro-stops and politicking in the years to come. But for him, 1958 marked the last campaign in which his own position was at stake, in which his own concerns could be affected. Propelled by that thought, the President dwelled often and with great earnestness on his remaining two years in the White House, on the legacy of achievement he hoped that those two years would provide.

"Like some of the other people who are now retiring voluntarily, within two years I retire whether it's voluntary or not," he ad-libbed to a Manhattan rally of Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon. "So I am interested in good government and I think you can understand that my interest is: For America. There can be nothing else." Same day, before an audience of Republican organization regulars, Ike took a step toward reducing the hot-blooded partisanship that elections inspire. "If we join hands," he said, "regardless of religion and race and geography and any other divisive type of influence, if we join hands to try to push forward in the atmosphere, in the kind of teachings that we have learned in our homes, in our schools and in our experience, then in my mind the U.S. will not only always be the U.S. but it will be one that will be recognizable by your descendants."

But it was before a sparse crowd of 3,500, hardly half filling Baltimore's cavernous Fifth Regiment Armory to hear his final campaign speech that the President spelled out his two-year hopes in detail. Promised he solemnly: "Looking ahead, we will:

- ¶ Continue to seek equality of opportunity for all citizens, irrespective of race, color, creed or geography;
- ¶ Continue to practice efficiency, economy and integrity in government.
- ¶ Push reasonable legislation to redevelop economically impaired areas, undertake needed tax reforms, stand for sound fiscal management.
- ¶ Help our working men and women drive racketeers and hoodlums out of the American labor movement.
- ¶ And, finally, with all other Americans, strive to bring a just and lasting peace to the world."

Half a continent away in Bonham, Texas, at the same time, another Washington prime mover was also scrutinizing the near future. From where he stood, Sam Rayburn could see in it a Democratic Congress and another term (his ninth) as Speaker of the House. But he saw as well something of the same aims and ends that motivated Dwight Eisenhower. Therefore, said Mr. Sam, there will not be "bad blood" between the President and the new Congress. "We're not going to hate Eisenhower bad enough for us to change our principles."

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

The Campaign Ahead

A gale front moved in fast from the Pacific, lashing the waves at the dark flanks of the mountains of the Alexander Archipelago jutting out of the sea. The DC-6C *Golden Nugget* dropped out of the clouds, lumbered only a few hundred feet above the water, slipped, wheels-down, past Mendenhall Glacier and landed at Juneau. From the dripping plane stepped Vice President Richard Nixon, his wife and daughters, "Tricia," 12, and Julie, 10. Pat Nixon explained why the girls were there: "We figure this is an educational trip. They've been studying about Alaska." The Vice President was there for another reason. With the campaign for this week's elections on its last legs, he was already

ahead," he said. "Alaska has had 90 years of paternalism and bureaucracy, some of it good and much of it necessary in a frontier area. But the progress of Alaska in the future will be only as great as bureaucracy and dependence upon the Federal Government in Washington decrease and the opportunity for individual enterprise increases."

Well Booked. Nixon's trip to Alaska topped a tough and exhausting U.S. campaign effort. For five weeks Nixon had been on the road, working and speaking for Republican candidates. Last week his tour took him to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he spoke to 18,000, thence to Wichita, Kans., Billings, Mont. and Everett, Wash. Between speeches he found time to chat about everything from the future of Democratic Presidential Hopeful Jack Ken-



CAMPAIGNER NIXON & CANDIDATE STEPPOVICH IN ANCHORAGE

And then on toward 1960.

working on the next major U.S. election: Alaska's first election of a Governor, two Senators and a Congressman on Nov. 25.

Socked In. The Nixon motorcade sped nine miles down Glacier Highway along the Gastineau Channel to downtown Juneau. There, in a Front Street theater around the corner from the Red Dog Saloon, Nixon was greeted by about 1,000 Alaskans (Juneau's pop. 7,000). Missing were several of the top Alaska Republican candidates, including former Governor Mike Steppovich, now running for the Senate, and the only Republican given a real chance in the 49th state this year. Steppovich and his running mates had been socked in at Sitka and Anchorage by the foul weather.

Gripping the rostrum with both hands, Nixon spoke earnestly, looking to heavily Democratic Alaska's future through Republican eyes. "There is a great age

nedy ("He has done much for his party. I don't think his religion [Roman Catholic] will affect his national aspirations") to his preference for sports over political TV shows ("I find them a bore—the shows like *Meet the Press*").

But such relaxed interludes were the exception for Campaigner Nixon. Even as *Golden Nugget* carried Nixon from Juneau to Anchorage—where he finally caught up with Candidate Steppovich—and on to Fairbanks this week, the rest of the U.S. was ready to vote (Nixon had already cast an absentee ballot in California). No sooner would the 1958 congressional elections end than the work for the presidential election of 1960 would begin—and for Candidate Nixon that work would make 1958 seem like child's play.

* With (from left) Tricia and Julie Nixon and Mrs. Steppovich.

THE ATOM

Nuclear Tests Stop

On the last day of October, a day that had loomed large on the calendar of those who hope for eventual negotiated disarmament, the U.S. and Britain stopped tests of nuclear weapons. But most of the hopes had already gone glimmering before Russian threats that the U.S.S.R. would go right ahead testing nuclear weapons—forcing the U.S. and Britain to resume.

Since the test stoppage came after an eleventh-hour series of small-arms shots at the Atomic Energy Commission's Nevada Proving Grounds (see below), it brought no immediate shutdown of nuclear-weapons development. But the commitment, said the State Department and the Foreign Office, would be kept for one year, provided that the Russians 1) set off no nuclear explosions that could be detected by the free world's monitoring system, and 2) continued to negotiate toward a workable inspection system. It would be extended if the three nations, after setting up an inspection system, could make progress on a program of general disarmament.

Answering Blast. The U.S. position was laid down last week, as delegates from the U.S., Britain and the U.S.S.R. got together in Geneva's Palais des Nations for the widely heralded talks on test suspension. "The U.S.," said Ambassador James J. Wadsworth, the U.S. delegation chief and disarmament specialist, "enters the talks in the best possible faith to make the conference a success." Said British delegate David Ormsby-Gore: "In a sense we are pioneers."

But Russia's Delegate Semyon Tsarapkin was blasting away with an unacceptable proposal. Russia wanted an agreement to stop tests 1) forever, 2) right now, with talks about inspection later. And at

the United Nations, Russia's Ambassador Valerian Zorin cast further doubt on Russian intentions by saying that Russia intended to keep on testing until it reached rough parity with the U.S. and Britain for 1958.

Warning Flag? Both Russians bore out Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' press conference forecast that Geneva's prospects looked dim. Some Western experts, said Dulles, thought they knew why. Their theory: the long, friendly talks about nuclear-test inspection systems between U.S. and Russian scientists at Geneva last summer "opened the eyes of the Soviet Union to the fact that our own knowledge was considerably greater than theirs about nuclear weapons. They realized that they were considerably behind in this matter, and therefore they lost interest in the suspension."

But behind all the diplomatic jockeying, the week's big news was still that the U.S. had done something that only a year ago the Administration had said it would never do: it had stopped its own tests primarily on good faith, without any provision for inspection—and the stoppage made many a policy-planner uneasy. Last week Atomic Energy Commission Chairman John McCone admitted at his first press conference what he had long argued in private (TIME, Sept. 1)—that stopping U.S. tests "would delay and probably prevent" development of low-radioactivity ("clean") weapons essential for U.S. defense, e.g., antimissile missiles. In its last test at Nevada Proving Grounds, before the stoppage, the AEC successfully set off a Hiroshima-sized underground shot (20 kilotons) that spouted a geyser of dirt but proved beyond doubt that the Russians could make important underground tests without leaving a scintilla of telltale fallout—thus leaving detection to highly fallible, faraway seismographs.

Fallout in Los Angeles

Over a three-day period last week, Los Angeles' health officer, Dr. George Uhl, wondered and worried as his Geiger counters showed a steady rise in the atmosphere's radioactivity level. At midweek a brisk high-altitude wind, blowing from Nevada, brought radioactivity from a test shot above normal safety levels, sent Health Officer Uhl round to see Los Angeles' Mayor Norris Poulson. Poulson phoned the AEC in Washington, finally got through to AEC Commissioner Willard Libby, was assured that 1) the fallout level was not dangerous at all; 2) the Nevada test series was almost complete.

Newspapers got wind of what was up, and the storm was on. CALL SECRET MEET AS FALLOUT PERILS L.A., cried Hearst's Los Angeles *Herald & Express*. ATOM FALLOUT RISE HERE SETS OFF PANIC, cried the Chandler *Mirror-News*. Switchboards lit up as anxious residents phoned city officials, newspaper offices, TV studios. Scientists passed out the word, "No danger to anyone," said U.C.L.A.'s Nuclear Medicine Expert Dr. Thomas Hennessey. "I don't think the public's mind should be relieved," said U.S.C.'s Biochemistry Professor Dr. Paul Saltman. And when AEC said later that it hoped to conduct one more test shot in Nevada the next night, weather permitting, Mayor Poulson blew up: "We don't like to be talked to like children! If they shoot that last shot, there will be repercussions!" AEC called off that last shot because of weather conditions—high winds.

Upshot of Los Angeles' worrisome week was that the city's 6,000,000, to hear AEC tell it, had been exposed in six hours to roughly the amount of radioactivity that they would normally receive from the atmosphere in 24 hours. Radioactively speaking, L.A. had thus lived two days in one. But the L.A. radioactivity reading was possibly the highest radioactivity level ever recorded in the continental U.S. outside the test grounds. The miracle of it was that, with all the scare headlines, radio and TV broadcasts, the citizenry had taken it as calmly as it had.

THE BUDGET

Less Red Ahead

The Administration is thankfully paring down its gloomy forecasts of a \$12.2 billion budget deficit for fiscal 1959, ending next June 30. Reason: budget experts figure that the economy's bounceback toward robust health will raise the 1959 federal-tax take at least \$2 billion above September estimates, will thereby hold the red-ink splash to \$10 billion or less.

But even with the economy in good health, a high Administration official wily predicted last week, a deficit looms for fiscal 1960. With the costs of national defense, welfare programs and farm subsidies edging ever higher, budget makers will find it tough to hold 1960 spending below the current year's \$80 billion mark, tough to avoid a deficit of about \$5 billion. Fondest Administration hope: by the



Associated Press

U.S.'s WADSWORTH, RUSSIA'S TSARAPKIN, BRITAIN'S ORMSBY-GORE AT GENEVA

Most hopes went glimmering, most risks went on.

time President Eisenhower submits his fiscal 1961 budget in January 1960, he will once again be able to point to a balanced budget.

Floating upward on a tide of red ink, the national debt reached a new alltime high of \$280,851,429,657.13 in late October, the Treasury reported last week. Prospect: the debt will keep floating higher until heavy tax payments start rolling in next January.

VIRGINIA

Rumble of Protest

Still padlocked and empty last week were the nine Virginia public schools that Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr., invoking the state's "massive resistance" laws, shut down to keep 51 Negro children out of white classrooms. Still doomed to attend makeshift classes in churches and lodge halls—or none at all—were 13,000 white children. Floundering along with no plan for tidying up the mess, Governor Almond heard a growing rumble of protest from parents and teachers. Items:

Norfolk (six high schools shut down). In two similar lawsuits naming Almond and various state officials as defendants, 15 white parents asked a federal district court to 1) declare Virginia's school-closing law unconstitutional, and 2) enjoin Almond & Co. from meddling with Norfolk schools. The school closings, argued the suits, violate the children's constitutional rights, do them "irreparable injury," and impose unfair financial burdens on the parents. Norfolk's Committee for Public Schools sent Almond a 6,000-signature petition asking him to get the schools reopened fast.

Alexandria (no schools closed yet, but five involved in a pending integration suit). A 900-member, all-white Parent-Teacher Association voted a resolution calling upon the city council to break with massive resistance and push for local option on integration.

Richmond. At the yearly convention of the all-white, 25,000-member Virginia Education Association, made up of teachers, principals and education officials, 1,113 delegates overwhelmingly adopted a resolution calling upon Almond to summon the state legislature into special session "at an early date for the purpose of enacting such legislation as will assure the continued operation of the Virginia public schools as a state-supported function."

THE WEST

Hi, the Rich Indian

A few short years ago the docile Navajo Indians grubbed about in their 25,000-sq.-mi. desert reservation at the four corners where Utah, Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico meet. Disease-ridden, undernourished, ignorant, they lived in ramshackle hogans and crumbling shacks, contemplating a future as bleak as their past was romantic. Then, in 1956, big-time oil drillers on Navajo land hit the jackpot, and the dollars began gushing in. By last



George Bettridge
On the warpath with ballpoint pens.

week, their numbers grown to \$5,000 (v. 15,000 in 1868), their treasury to \$60 million, their ancient weapons supplanted by grosses of ballpoint pens, lawyers, bookkeepers, geologists, oil consultants—even a pressagent—the busy, hard-driving Navajos were pounding their chests like a lusty new nation within a nation.

Thumbed Noses. Most powerful weapon in the hands of the new-rich Navajo tribal council is the treaty of 1868, signed by Lieut. General William Tecumseh Sherman for the U.S., and by Chief Barboncito and eleven other tribal chiefs for the Navajos. It allotted the Navajos their scrubby, brush-covered acreage along with treaty rights. Modern Navajo interpretation of the treaty: the tribe can disregard any state or federal law that does not suit its purposes. "A treaty sovereign," argues urbane Joseph F. McPherson, one-time U.S. Justice Department attorney who now works for the Navajos, "has a certain right of consent—and sometimes the Navajo just doesn't consent." Typically, Navajos in recent weeks:

¶ Bluntly told the State of Utah (the richest oil-producing Navajo land lies in Utah) that they do not recognize the authority of the Utah Oil and Gas Conservation Commission in actions dealing with Navajo land.

¶ Thumbed noses at federal laws, such as the Wagner Labor Relations Act, by prohibiting tribesmen from joining labor unions; the 74-man Tribal Council shoed organizers for the United Steel Workers and the Operating Engineers from their land by invoking an 1868 treaty provision that prohibits anyone except federal employees from setting foot on tribal lands without a permit.

¶ Passed their own right-to-work law, which is tougher than similar state laws in Utah and Arizona.

• Behind them: Window Rock.

¶ Challenged standard antidiscrimination clauses in Atomic Energy Commission contracts by questioning the employment of Hopi Indians at a uranium mill on Navajo land.

¶ Forced helpless and flabbergasted oil companies to raise their traditional 12½% royalties to 16½%.

¶ Persuaded friendly Interior Secretary Fred Seaton to shut down oil production on their 275 wells—thereby depriving oil companies (and themselves) of hundreds of thousands of dollars—so as to force the companies to rush completion of equipment that will salvage precious gas, which was being flared off for lack of transmission facilities.

Decades to Go. Authorization center of this new Navajo nationalism is the Tribal Council, which tends to be run by two powerful figures (many of the rest cannot speak English): Chairman Paul Jones and Executive Secretary J. Maurice McCabe. Jones, a taciturn, white-thatched Indian, is a high school graduate. McCabe, a business-college graduate, is a go-getter who, like Jones, is widely respected by businessmen who deal with the tribe.

"They're very pleasant but firm," says one oilman. "Of course, they assume that the oil companies are to blame for anything that goes wrong on the reservation. If a sheep is found dead, we usually get—and pay—the bill." Oilmen who want to go on pumping the Navajo land will, with reluctant admiration for the canny Indians, keep paying the bill and be glad for the opportunity of setting foot on the reservation.

As for the Navajos, for the first time in their lives many of them are enjoying better housing, education and health (see MEDICINE), higher living standards, improved roads, new sawmills, and irrigation. Thousands still have decades to go to catch up, but they have not had it so good since the days before they established diplomatic relations with the foreign power that surrounds them.

ILLINOIS

St. Charles & the Angel

In the prospering prairie town of St. Charles, Ill. (pop. 7,700), 35 miles west of Chicago, Leading Citizen E. J. (for Edward John) Baker last week handed out three sizable checks. To the town's E. J. Baker Working Fund went a no-strings-attached \$100,000, bringing the total that parchment-fragile Colonel Baker, 90, has given the town so far this year to \$300,000. To the St. Charles school district went \$75,000. Father Walter Ryan accepted a \$25,000 check for St. Patrick's parochial school, gasped: "Is it real? Never do that again; I'll have a heart attack." When the news got out, St. Charles was hardly surprised. In 40 years, Millionaire Baker has given the town and its enterprises a staggering \$5,000,000. Says Mayor Ralph Richmond: "There isn't another city like St. Charles and there isn't another Colonel Baker."

The colonel, whose rank rests in Kentucky rather than the Army, inherited



BENEFACTOR BAKER
Gifted and giving.

the bulk of his fortune in 1918 from his sister, widow of fabulous John W. ("Bet a Million") Gates, who made money on barbed wire and risked as much as \$150,000 a night at the faro table. Some of the inheritance Baker invested in profitable local real estate, e.g., a bank, the Baker Hotel. The bulk he put to work helping his home town. Samples of his largesse:

¶ The Henry Rockwell Baker Memorial Community Center, built in 1925 for \$175,000 and named for a son who died of tuberculosis.

¶ St. Charles' Municipal Building, which includes a museum and rifle range, toward which Baker gave \$200,000.

¶ The imposing \$1,400,000 First Methodist Church, erected in 1955.

¶ Fox River Dam, rebuilt by the colonel after he found it crumbling 30 years ago, and Pottawatomie Park, on which Baker and the Public Works Administration matched funds to provide tennis courts, two swimming pools and a golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones.

In addition to public munificence, Colonel Baker carries on quiet good works; e.g., when he hears of deserving citizens whose taxes are in arrears he wipes out their delinquency. Between times, the fragile (135 lbs.) philanthropist holds court in the coffee shop of the Baker Hotel, where he has lived since his wife died in 1939. Fellow townsmen are allowed to stop and chat if a hovering nurse nods to them, are offered Robert Burns Panatelas at audience's end. The cigars must be smoked immediately; E. J. Baker likes his gifts to be used.

After 40 years of using the big gifts, St. Charles understands two dangers: 1) the town has become spoiled, 2) aged Colonel Baker won't live forever. St. Charles is already steeling itself against the day he disappears. Says Mayor Richmond: "We're trying to get on our own feet so we can carry on by ourselves."

ARMED FORCES Soldier-Scientists

Under Old Soldier George Washington's portrait and Old Soldier Napoleon Bonaparte's framed maxims ("There Is No Strength Without Justice"), a military court convened last week at the Army Chemical Center at Edgewood, Md. to judge ten young privates who never wanted to be old soldiers at all. The ten: drafted college-trained scientists stationed at the center to carry on Army chemical research. The charge: bringing discredit to the Army with bawdy songs and raucous conduct during an off-post beer party.

Grated Carrots. Behind the court-martial was a tender Army sore spot. Needled mercilessly for "wasting" the nation's young scientific brains in routine basic training, the Army high command had set up a policy of assigning draftees with some scientific education to special groups such as the Enlisted Scientific and Professional Personnel. Fresh from campuses and freer academic life, the ESPPs kicked hard against regimentation, cut sloppy military figures, took to hissing noncoms and arguing with officers.

Old Army types complained that the soldier-scientists were coddled with special barracks and mess halls, interviewed incessantly to make certain they were happy, chauffeured to their jobs instead of marched, allowed to lead an undisciplined 40-hour week consisting of 36 hours' laboratory work and four hours' Army duty.

The Old Army was most riled by an informal fraternity that soon sprang up at Chemical Corps, Ordnance Corps and Quartermaster Corps bases where the Army's 3,300 ESPPs were stationed. Its name: Phi Tau Alpha. Its Greek-letter symbol was scrawled on walls, carved on railings, sometimes written over salads in grated carrots. In reality, it had no meaning beyond a concise four-letter fate for the Army, easily understood when Greek letters were carried over to English equivalents (F.T.A.). But some old soldiers mis-

took Phi Tau Alpha for a cabal, possibly a spy organization. They put Army Criminal Investigation to work tracking down its prime movers, threatened to call in the FBI.

Grated Nerves. The Maryland Chemical Center resentment flared one night last September after 100 ESPPs hired a nearby boat club for a party. Tugged in civilian clothes, they drank beer, played bridge, settled down to sing homemade songs.² Irked by the noise and obscenity, neighbors called the cops. State troopers, accompanied by an Army Criminal Investigation agent, swooped out of the bush, grabbed a handful of men while the majority filtered into the darkness. When the handful was ordered court-martialed, the trial became a celebrated case. ESPPs at the Chemical Center and other ESPP "campuses" chipped in \$300 to a defense fund, hired flamboyant Baltimore Lawyer Hyman Pressman, a longtime expert at fighting for desperate causes.

Pressman's defense last week was flashy but futile. He challenged officers assigned to sit on the court until the court was left with only one major and two warrant officers. He argued that the cops had no evidence that the accused were noisemakers, produced neighbors who said that the party had been orderly. But his defense character witnesses were no help: they were fellow ESPPs, who bristled the court by admitting under cross-examination that they hated the Army. At trial's end the three-man court deliberated six hours, found the ten defendants guilty, fined them \$25 each, restricted them to post for 25 days, demoted each one grade in rank. The Chemical Center's 400 ESPPs were incensed but silent; Old Army men were openly delighted. Said one: "Maybe now these boys will get over the idea that this is a college campus."

* Printable sample:

Take down your service flag, mother,
Your son is an ESPP.
He'll never get wounded in action,
Extracting the square root of three.



ATTORNEY PRESSMAN & CLIENTS
Coddled, chauffeured, endured—and convicted.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

The Choice

Like a man in a frenzy of rage who cares neither what he says nor who hears him, the Soviet state howled its fury at defenseless, white-haired Novelist Boris Pasternak. Pasternak himself, after first telegraphing his joyful acceptance, seven days later refused the Nobel Prize awarded his poems and his novel, *Doctor Zhivago*: "In view of the meaning given to this honor in the society to which I belong, I should abstain from the undesired prize . . . Do not meet my refusal with ill will." Still the screaming invective poured out, and the U.S.S.R. spilled it across the world without shame.

While Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev sat approvingly on the same platform, Komsomol Leader Vladimir Semichastny cried that Pasternak was a "pig" who "dirties the place where he sleeps and eats, dirties those with whom he lives and by whose labor he exists." A mass meeting of 800 "intellectuals" in Moscow's Cinema House demanded unanimously that Pasternak be stripped of his citizenship and thrown out of the country. In the village of Peredelkino outside Moscow, where Pasternak lives in a *dacha* given him by Stalin,⁹ the local writers' colony complained: "We cannot continue to breathe the same air. It is necessary to ask the government that Pasternak be excluded from the forthcoming population census."

Radio Moscow, in ten languages, trumpeted that Pasternak had no place in Soviet society, that he was a man who "in spirit has long been a traitor to his country and has now spat in its face." The satellites fell tamely into line as the literary hacks of Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Rumania echoed the denunciations by Soviet hacks. Only Antoni Slonimski, head of the cantankerous Polish Writers' Association, sent Pasternak a congratulatory telegram and, at week's end, was still unrepentant.

The Aroused. Not since Russian troops crushed the Hungarian rebellion had world opinion been so repelled by a Soviet action. In London 14 distinguished writers, ranging across the political spectrum from T. S. Eliot and E. M. Forster to Bertrand Russell and J. B. Priestley, wired the Soviet Writers' Union not to dishonor the great Russian literary tradition by "victimizing a writer revered by the entire civilized world." In Paris, François Mauriac, Albert Camus and Jules Romains expressed their disgust. The Authors League of America cabled that the U.S. writers most popular in Russia were "those who interpreted life in America most critically," and demanded that Pasternak have the right to express himself with the same "freedom and honesty."

Feeling ran high in Sweden, the home

of the Nobel Prizes. Even the Communist newspaper *Ny Dag* thought that Pasternak should have been allowed to accept the prize. Last week the Nobel Prize for Physics went to three Soviet scientists, and Russia greeted the news with joy. The winners were allowed to accept the prize (see SCIENCE). But the Russian insults to neutral Sweden for rewarding Pasternak had left a sour taste in the mouths of the 15 Nobel judges (among them: U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld). They had honored Pasternak

ing friends: "I simply cannot create outside Russia."

Though of Jewish origin, Boris Pasternak long ago became a zealous follower of the Greek Orthodox Church, and shared its deep, mystical identity with Russia and its stress on suffering and martyrdom. At week's end he made his answer in a letter to Nikita Khrushchev—who has, officially, not said a word about the Pasternak case. Wrote Pasternak: "I am bound to Russia by birth, life and work. I cannot imagine my fate apart from Russia



PASTERNAK (WITH WIFE) READING NOBEL PRIZE CABLE
In a system devoted to propaganda, a raging blunder.

not because he was anti-Communist but because they considered him a great poet.

Wandering Ghosts. In the modest *dacha* at Peredelkino, crazy, buffeted Boris Pasternak, 68, asked foreign reporters and visitors not to visit or call him any more. He had spent years as an "internal emigrant," and he knew the rules of the game. He had defied those rules by sending his manuscript to a Communist publisher in Italy, who rejected Moscow's (and Pasternak's) attempts to call it back. He was obviously pleased by its international reception, because *Doctor Zhivago* has not been published in Russia. Now he could listen to Moscow radio's unbridled denunciations, urging him to leave Russia, promising that "no obstacles would be put in his way."

The choice was a bitter one: he could stay as a "stateless person," of whom thousands wander Russia like ghosts, or he could leave his roots and his homeland for the West. It was a choice Boris Pasternak had made once before, in 1923, when his father, Painter Leonid Pasternak, had fled the Soviet Union, taking his family with him. After two years in Berlin, Boris Pasternak returned to Moscow, tell-

ing friends: "I simply cannot create outside Russia." To go beyond the frontiers of my motherland is to me equal to death, and I am therefore asking that this extreme measure should not be taken. With my hand on my heart, I have done something for Soviet literature, and I may still be useful to it."

Whatever Nikita Khrushchev decides, the affair Pasternak would go down in history as a major cultural blunder, undoing much of the good will built up by gifted fiddlers and agile folk dancers. A system presumably so adept at propaganda can make a fool of itself when its pride is touched.

JORDAN

The King's Vacation

As the last of the British paratroopers flew out of Jordan, young King Hussein prepared to depart too—for a European vacation. As he did so, neighboring Middle East governments tensed like pointers

⁹ As a reward for translating a collection of Georgian poems into Russian.

around the edges of King Hussein's sandy little Jordanian preserve.

Iraq's Prime Minister Abdul Karim Kassem abruptly summoned his military attaché from Cairo for emergency consultations. The Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahran* accused the Israelis of mobilizing and massing troops on the Jordanian frontier, and Cairo's *Al Gunkharia*, which never seems to get its history straight, added: "Once more we'll fight, and again we'll win."

Sly Balloon. Cairo's talk of mobilization was "pure imagination," said the Israelis. Yet they plainly took great interest in Jordan's unsettled condition. Arab leaders, to a man, suspect that Israel longs to expand to the Jordan River, thus absorbing most of the old Palestine, encompassing all of Jerusalem, and gaining a more defensible eastern frontier. Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion confided to an English newspaperman that if there was to be any change in Jordan's status, Israel would like to see the west bank of the Jordan River demilitarized and guarded by U.N. troops. In the course of a Knesset debate last week, Ben-Gurion would only add: "All President Nasser knows and needs to know about Israel is that we are opposed to any entry of foreign troops into Jordan." Next day his Mapai Party newspaper *Davar* floated a sly balloon: "Who knows whether Nasser is not prepared to submit to Israel's entry into Jordan up to the west bank of the Jordan River as a price for his own entry into Amman and the final liquidation of the Hashemite dynasty?"

Indispensable Man. In the midst of such predatory baying and growling, King Hussein went blithely ahead with his plans to fly off in his own de Havilland Dove via Kuwait, Teheran and Istanbul to Rome, where he will pick up a car to drive to Switzerland. His brother, Crown Prince Mohammed, flew to Switzerland from Amman two weeks ago; his mother, daughter and sister and other brother are already there—leaving not one member of his immediate family in Jordan, and all affairs of his kingdom in the hands of a regency council of honorable nonentities.

Yet by common consent, the force of young Hussein's courageous personality has been what chiefly held Jordan together. The overwhelming majority of his subjects are former Palestinians, many of them refugees, without any devotion to Hussein. Increasingly, the King has excluded the more literate but less trustworthy Palestinians from key posts in the army, depending instead upon tribal loyalties of the Bedouins in eastern Jordan. Only martial law upholds the government, only the army's loyalty sustains the throne, only U.S. aid poured in at the rate of \$50 million a year keeps the economy going. Since Hussein threw out a pro-Nasser Cabinet 18 months ago, and even more so since the Iraqis murdered his Hashemite cousin King Faisal last July, Hussein has been isolated in the Arab world.



Yves Debraigne—Simback

KING HUSSEIN

His neighbors were watching.

Wild Harvest. In the crowded *souks* of Arab Jerusalem, over the endless small cups of thick coffee, there were two explanations of Hussein's "vacation"; that he had decided that it was hopeless to keep up the struggle and would go into exile; that he genuinely felt that order was now sufficiently restored so that he could risk absenting himself for a while. The optimists hold that Nasser is reluctant to take over Jordan because he would then be burdened by half a million Palestine refugees as well as by the economic load now borne by the U.S. They point out that Nasser recently shut down the "Jordan People's Radio," which from neighboring Syria used to shriek daily for Hussein's assassination. But the revolution in neighboring Iraq showed that those who rise in Nasser's flame often act in ways he may not have intended: a man who sows trouble so indiscriminately reaps some wild harvests.

As the day of the King's departure drew near, the U.S. formally called upon both Nasser and Ben-Gurion to make no rash moves.

NATO

The New Account

In the ordinary run of things, the members of the North Atlantic Alliance, like partners in a family firm, tend to take their union for granted. But last week, as December's annual meeting of NATO's Ministerial Council drew near, there was an outburst of hooting, hollering and name calling. France's Charles de Gaulle served notice that he was discontented with NATO's political structure. Britain's Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, until last month NATO's Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, was, as usual, chipperly dissatisfied with almost everybody.

Monty led off the chorus of complaint

with the charge that NATO was "complicated, cumbersome and grossly overstaffed . . . an enormous waste of money and effort." NATO's next Supreme Commander in Europe, he declared, should be French, not American. Yet Europeans are the ones most insistent on a U.S. Supreme Commander because he guarantees the U.S. commitment on the Continent. "The fact is," said Montgomery, "we are really not an alliance . . . We are a group of nations unable to agree how to get where we want to go."

No doubt about it, the alliance had a sorry look last week. Its Eastern Mediterranean anchor was fouled by the Cyprus dispute, so that only a handful of Greek officers are back on duty at NATO's eastern headquarters in Izmir, Turkey. On the northwestern flank of the alliance, the "codfish war" between Britain and Iceland was hardly a war, but it was less than friendship.

Nearly a year had passed since NATO's members agreed "in principle" to the stationing of intermediate range U.S. missiles in Europe, but not a single missile base has been established anywhere on the Continent. NATO's minimum military ambition—a 30-division shield force in Western Europe—remains unachieved. West Germany, which promised to contribute twelve combat-ready divisions by the end of 1959, has only seven in being, will probably take four years to assemble the rest.

France, which should have four divisions in the NATO line, has siphoned off 2½ for the fighting in Algeria. Far from being apologetic, French Chief of Staff General Paul Ely last week demanded that NATO commit itself to the defense of all French territories in Africa. "Upon pain of death," declared General Ely, NATO must develop a "peripheral strategy" to prevent the U.S.S.R. from subverting Africa and thereby turning NATO's Mediterranean flank.

Time for a Raise. Ely's boss, General Charles de Gaulle, posed a problem to NATO too. Endlessly jealous of French prestige, De Gaulle more than a month ago sent off private letters to Dwight Eisenhower and Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. Their contents remain secret, but their gist was leaked out: France should be admitted to equal partnership with Britain and the U.S. in a kind of informal three-power NATO dictatorship in world affairs. "Unacceptable," cried Bonn. "Wounds the feelings and the rights of Italy," complained Premier Amintore Fanfani. The French Foreign Office blandly assured everybody that De Gaulle did not have in mind any "modification of NATO."

Nonetheless, De Gaulle plainly still thinks of France as a kind of third force in Western affairs, allied to Britain and the U.S., but free to play an independent role when her own power interests are at stake. "There are two world groups—that of the Anglo-Saxons and that of the Soviets," he told a press conference fortnight ago, announcing France's intention to go ahead with nuclear weapons

development. "While [they] remain over-armed, France will not accept a gigantic, chronic inferiority. Besides, when we become an atomic power, a day which is not far off, we will have all the greater means of making ourselves felt in the spheres that are dear to us . . ."

Fair Warning. Bitter voices proclaimed that De Gaulle's insistence on great power status for France "will wreck NATO." But, in fact, De Gaulle's advent to power, bringing stability to France, is probably worth more to NATO than any difficulty he can provoke. Said one hardheaded U.S. official, pointing to the grave economic and political problems still facing France: "We will cash De Gaulle's check when he has a balance in the bank." De Gaulle's letters to President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan were fair warning that he plans to open an account.

DENMARK

From the Cradle to the Grave

Passing through Scandinavia, as he has many times for 40 years, Veteran Foreign Correspondent Negley (*The Way of a Transgressor*) Farson made his customary mental notes about those happy lands. The landscape: "refreshingly beautiful." The cities: "no slums." Social legislation: "far ahead." Chief characteristic: "about the last place in Europe where sanity still survived." But on one point Farson found himself baffled. "Why," he wrote to Denmark's biggest newspaper, *Berlingske Tidende*, "in countries noted for their social services and the almost universal kindness of one man to another, in lands where legislation seemed to have abolished most of the misfortunes of life, should Sweden and Denmark have the two highest suicide rates in the world?"*

Though not avid writers of letters-to-the-editor, Danes flooded the paper with replies. Excerpts:

¶ "The Danish landscape is fat with a mild, monotonous beauty. The mentality is solid, calm and apparently healthy. But the psychical monotony in a strong mind creates depression. Remember that the inhabitants of these countries in olden days set out on the high seas as rough pirates."

¶ "All Danes are looked after and taken care of from the moment they are born. There is nothing more to fight for."

¶ "The cause of suicide is too much reason. Animals, as you know, do not commit suicide."

¶ "The reason is a lack of God. We need a church which has really got contact with the people."

¶ "The welfare state kills the instinct of self-preservation. There's nothing man has to fight for."

¶ "We are like spoiled children. When danger and pressure are taken away, neuroses flower, the birthrate declines, and the suicides mount."

Some argued that the Danes simply keep more accurate statistics on suicides. Said Farson: "That plea I won't accept."

* The rates: one in 4,431 people in Denmark; one in 4,460 for Sweden.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Old Curiosity Shop

Opening the fourth session of Britain's 300th Parliament last week, Queen Elizabeth II for the first time delivered her Speech from the Throne under the beady eye of the television camera. In Britain itself at least 12 million of her subjects were watching; in nine other European countries uncouneted lovers of pageantry took in the spectacle.

The decision to televise the Gracious Speech had caused heartburn among Laborites, who feared that some of the Queen's prestige might rub off on the governing Tory Party. The pallid words that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's

entered the lordly precincts solemnly—unlike the day "when Queen Victoria opened her first Parliament and the members of Commons thundered in like steeplechasers, racing each other to the Bar, and one of the members for Sheffield dislocated his shoulder."

THE NETHERLANDS

The Unhappy Taxpayer

Fredericus U.J.H. Witte is a Dutchman bothered by taxes. When he sees a jet fighter plane overhead he thinks to himself: "During my whole lifetime I won't earn half of what that plane costs." On the bitter morning in February 1957 when The Netherlands' bureaucracy finally pro-



QUEEN ELIZABETH OPENING PARLIAMENT
Under the beady eye, a seemly charade.

Keystone

government put in the Queen's mouth about "My Ministers'" intentions on home building and foreign policy probably changed nobody's vote. But the occasion did set the *Manchester Guardian* to musing about the meaning of ceremony in a democracy: "The Imperial State Crown, the Cap of Maintenance, the Sword of State, the Heralds, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Earl Marshals make up a beautiful charade, but if all were swept away tomorrow it would make not the slightest difference to the government of the country."

"They are harmless relics—harmless, that is, so long as nobody mistakes them for anything significant . . . Abroad, Britain's reputation as an old curiosity shop may be enhanced and our tourist earnings may benefit."

The TV camera's stare had perhaps added to the seemly behavior of the members of the House of Commons, who

duced his 1955 tax bill, Witte exploded in anger. As an assistant bookkeeper for a Rotterdam housing association, Witte, 57, was sure of his own figures. The tax collector, he fumed, had made a mistake.

Cooling off, Fredericus Witte wrote a reasoned letter of protest. "I consider it very disturbing," he began, and at that point the Inspector of Direct Taxation, First Section, must have decided to read the sentence again: "I consider it very disturbing if I am not required to pay more. If I pay too little, somebody else suffers for it. That's dishonest." According to Witte's calculations, the tax collector had listed Witte's total income 247 guilders (\$64.96) less than it should be, thereby reducing Witte's tax by 42 guilders (\$11.05). Witte wanted the tax increased.

In reply, the tax inspector explained that Witte had forgotten to deduct 200 guilders for expenses incurred in getting

outside work. "Nonsense," snapped Witte. "My wife helped somebody with house-keeping, and I tutored a neighbor's daughter in mathematics and bookkeeping. We didn't spend a cent getting the work."

Witte appealed to the Director of the State Tax Office. But the director backed up his inspector, suggested that Witte, if he was really disturbed, might pay "conscience money"—as if he were a tax evader settling up anonymously. Witte was so shocked that he filed suit in The Hague's tax court demanding that his tax be increased. But the court agreed with the tax inspector that nowhere in Dutch law is there the right to protest

quietly back to life. It bore a new name: the *Führungsstab*, or "leadership staff."

Last week, laying the cornerstone of a German West Point in Hamburg to train future officers of the leadership staff, Defense Minister Strauss decided to put in a good word for the old blood-and-iron ways. "Free of false prejudice and erroneous ideas of collective guilt," said he, "our *Bundeswehr* can now assume a new attitude toward the tradition. German soldiers need not be ashamed of this tradition. Follow the ageless tradition and the old ideals—selfless service, honor and bravery, linked to the needs of our time."

His words did not mean that German

mans held the abbey five months against heavy Allied attacks because their parachutists needed that time to bring its art treasures to the safety of the Vatican. In *U-47*, dashing Submariner Günther Prien plunks his torpedoes into the British battleship *Royal Oak* at Scapa Flow, but when his deck officer shouts "Hurrah!", whispers: "Shut up; 2,000 men have just died aboard that ship."

Such ingenuous twists quell the qualms of oldsters, but younger German audiences laugh uproariously at blended-in newsreel shots showing goose-stepping Brownshirts heiling their Führer.

Young Germans have accepted military conscription without much murmur, but also without enthusiasm. Strauss has silenced those Germans who yelled "Bell-hops" at his parading recruits by junking their first U.S.-style uniforms, with Eisenhower jackets and laced shoes, and presenting his countrymen with the sight of soldiers in tightly belted tunics and clumping leather boots and officers in the old familiar *Wehrmacht*-style high-peaked caps.

CYPRUS

Bitter Breakdown

GREECE REJECTS CYPRUS TALKS, said the headlines. All of NATO Secretary-General Paul-Henri Spaak's tireless efforts (TIME, Nov. 3) to gather a conference to settle the three-year-old Cyprus dispute between Britain, Greece and Turkey fell apart last week. The Greek government, which dares not show itself more conciliatory than Cyprus' bearded Archbishop Makarios, said no.

The British, delighted to put the blame squarely on Athens, leaked a blizzard of inspired "inside information" to prove that all the NATO powers, and Spaak himself, were fed up with the Greeks.

But the other half of the matter was that though the British had made some procedural concessions, they were plainly not going to budge on anything basic. "We came to the conclusion," announced Greek Premier Constantine Karamanlis, "that the conference as conceived by Britain and Turkey would not lead to any positive results."

The British had always complained that they could not negotiate with the exiled Makarios, "because he kept upping his demands." But when Makarios finally dropped his biggest demand, *enosis* (union with Greece), the British decided that they had Makarios and the Greeks "on the run," and seemed contented to leave things on Cyprus as they are.

The Day's Temperature. To leave things as they are is to leave Cyprus stalked by terror, rent by hatred, and engulfed by fear. In the past month six British civilians, nine British soldiers, 13 Greek Cypriots and three Turk Cypriot policemen have been killed—one a day since Britain, over Greek objections, began enforcing its "partnership" plan, dividing Greek and Turkish Cypriots in separate legislatures.

Arms are so much a part of the scenery,



DEFENSE MINISTER STRAUSS & GERMAN TROOPS
The goose step gets a laugh.

against undertaxation, and fined Witte 250 guilders in court costs, more than the amount in dispute.

Even after The Netherlands' Supreme Court threw out his appeal, Witte refused to give up. He filed a twelve-page criminal charge against the inspector (whose name Witte has never been able to learn). And he devised a scheme of revenge. Witte gave up all of his outside income—his tutoring, his wife's housework, his few shares of stock in Royal Dutch Shell. Last week all that he earned was his salary. "Mistakes," proclaimed Witte triumphantly, "are thus impossible. As assistant bookkeeper, I figure out the wage tax myself." No generous tax collector will punish him again.

WEST GERMANY

Nothing to Be Ashamed Of

The new German army was taking such care not to look like the old one that a serious question arose. Would it be able to develop a fighting spirit? Concerned by such matters, West Germany's Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss last year permitted the German General Staff, banned after two world wars, to come

militarism is stirring again: the new General Staff college is rising in Hamburg, historically one of the least martial-minded of German cities. And the college's chief is no monocled martinet such as the late great General Hans von Seeckt, who built the *Reichswehr* after Versailles, but an infantryman who rose to major general's rank fighting on the Eastern Front. Yet there are signs that the postwar German attitude toward the military is changing.

For one thing, Germans are now fond of seeing war movies. German exhibitors discovered that even U.S. war films, depicting Germans as hateful Nazis, went over big. Now German-made films are going in for World War II dramas. Battling from the outset against impending doom—for after all, Germany lost the war—their heroes always turn against the villainous Gestapo or otherwise show that, deep down inside, their hearts belong to the Hitler Resistance, before riding off in tank, sub or Stuka to their Valhalla.

In *Rommel Calls Cairo* Monty won at El Alamein, even though the Afrika Korps knew his battle plan; the wicked Gestapo had branded it a plant. In *The Green Devils of Monte Cassino* the Ger-

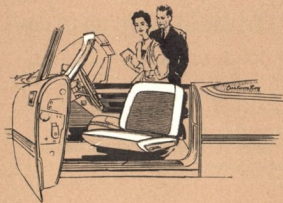
The Newest of Everything Great!



The Greatest of Everything New!



The Swing-Out Seat that says...“Please Come In”



Look on this hospitable Swing-Out Swivel Seat as your invitation to experience the new things, the great things Dodge has planned for you.

The seat itself swings you into a position of unusual comfort and support, and has a center arm rest that folds up or down.

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Beneath you, a new kind of suspension. Level-Flite Torsion-Aire introduces the first “three dimensional” driving—ride control, road control, load control.

Under the hood, a new HC-HE engine—high compression and high economy—delivers more thrust, uses less gas.

There's much more to see and discover. But most rewarding of all is the deep-down greatness built into this '59 Dodge. It lives up, in every respect, to the promise of its fine, clean looks.

'59 DODGE



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100 proof bottled in bond Old Taylor is Kentucky bourbon at its best—*extra-rich* and satisfying.

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"The Noblest Bourbon of Them All"



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violence so much an accepted condition, that the news is chronicled in Nicosia's newspapers like the day's temperature readings: the British sergeant's 17-year-old son shot in the back of the head by Greek Cypriot EOKA terrorists; the trusting, 62-year-old British importer killed by gunfire as he stepped into his car; the three terrorists blown up by their own crude bomb; the pencil bomb that went off last week in a British airman's kit bag just before it was to be put aboard an R.A.F. jet Comet bound for Britain. The British have stationed 37,000 troops on Cyprus, which is smaller than Los Angeles County. In the eternal check against sabotage they go so far as to unscrew the caps of toothpaste tubes and sniff face powder.

Across the unhappy island, barbed-wire barricades cocoon key buildings, seal Greek and Turkish Cypriots into separate quarters. British Tommies man machine guns on the minarets of Turkish mosques. Cyprus' nightly lullaby is the baying of search dogs. When the sirens signal curfew, the island's economy is paralyzed (loss per day: about \$120,000 of Cyprus' gross daily income of \$200,000). Factories are closed for lack of labor and materials. But no sooner does the curfew lift than terrorists kill another victim.

Whose Island? "We have the right to govern ourselves," says Dr. Themistocles Dervis, the Greek Cypriot spokesman, in his book-stocked library. Almost all of the island's 400,000 Greek Cypriots obviously share Dervis' feelings—but by no means all Greek Cypriots support EOKA's violence. Most of the 5,000 people in the British administration are Greek Cypriots. Greek Cypriot businessmen suffer from the curfew and the EOKA-inspired boycott of British-made goods. But moderate Greek Cypriots, sickened by violence, dare not speak out for fear of reprisal.

"We hope we shall never see an independent Cyprus!" says Raouf Denktash in his lawyer's office in Nicosia's Turkish quarter. "We are Turks, 100-000-strong, not Greeks, and this island is as much ours as theirs. The Greeks want freedom from the British. All right, we want freedom from the Greeks."

In 201 of the island's 626 villages and towns, Greeks and Turks live side by side, often using the same water supply, depending on each other for both goods and services. Without wholesale migrations, the Turkish talk of partition is thoroughly unfeasible, and economically it is senseless.

Dance to the Tune. "Get out of Cyprus! Be realistic, my dear fellow," says the British colonel, one of those disgruntled army men who in their urge for tougher measures refer to the harassed Governor as "Sir Hugh Pussyfoot." "What about the alliance with Turkey, the Baghdad Pact? We have a few interests still left over that way [in the Middle East], you know. This trouble can be quieted down. We've had tougher ones, you know. From the Bronze Age through to us, these people have had their affairs run for them. That's their way."

"I'm damn well going to defeat them," declared wiry Major General Kenneth Darling, director of Britain's security operations, last week. "We've got these terrorists beautifully on the hook. We'll give them everything we have, including the grand piano and the kitchen sink. When you have the initiative, you can make the other fellow dance to your tune."

PAKISTAN

And Then There Was One

It was a jovial scene. President Iskander Mirza and his new Premier, General Mohammed Ayub Khan, sat having tea together for the benefit of newsreel cameramen. Like the good friends they were, they joshed each other, and when Mirza noticed that the general was blinking in the glare of strong lights set up by the cameramen, he chuckled: "You've got to learn to be an actor." Two and a half hours later that evening, President Mirza was stunned to discover that General Ayub Khan was a better actor than he had thought. Three lieutenant generals appeared at the presidential palace, informed Mirza that they had been sent by General Ayub Khan. His message: get out. It was President Mirza's turn to blink, but, nonetheless, he took the blow gamely. "If it is in the interest of the country for me to resign," he said, "I will do so."

Single Helmsman. Next morning, Mirza, who less than a month ago had abolished parliamentary government and decided to rule with the army's help, was off to a holiday spot in the Quetta hills, while servants crated his personal belongings and prepared the presidential palace for its new occupant. At another Karachi mansion, General Ayub (pronounced: eye-yub) strode across the lawn to meet news men. Out of uniform, the general was wearing a blue cord suit with a red handkerchief peeping from a breast pocket, a pastel green shirt, a striped tie.

Standing 6 ft. 2 in., with a clipped British mustache and a clipped British accent, he has the look of a slightly hefty (210 lbs.) Brian Donlevy. Offering the newsmen cigarettes and lemonade, he urged that no one worry about the deposed President because his good friend (and fellow graduate at Sandhurst) was being retired on a double pension and was leaving for Britain, as "it might be too embarrassing for him to stay here." Why had he fired Mirza? "Somehow or other, people felt that he was as much responsible for the political deterioration as anyone else." Besides, the armed forces wanted "a man at the helm that people have complete faith in."

Was democracy dead in Pakistan? "Of course not. Any country which does not have a Communist dictatorship has some form of democracy." What will happen to all the politicians thrown out of office by his coup? "They should pray a little bit now and ask forgiveness from God for their sins." Pakistan's troubles, said Ayub Khan, arose from the clash of power between the President and the Prime Minister: "I say, after you have elected a man



John P. Taylor—Rapho Guilumette
GENERAL AYUB KHAN
Pray for them.

for a fixed period, it is much better to let him have a run instead of pulling his leg every day." Suppose, suggested a reporter, the people did not like all of his new system. Snorted General Ayub Khan: "Lots of people are bloody fools!"

Short War, Long War. On relations with India over the question of Kashmir and canal waters, he was equally inflexible: "We will endeavor to get a satisfactory solution through peaceful means. If we have to resort to extreme measures the responsibility will be that of India." Did he mean war? Answered Ayub Khan softly: "Yes, certainly, even though it would destroy both countries." Clutching his neck in both hands, he added: "If someone is doing this to you, what would you do? Lie back?"

But Ayub Khan, a Pathan brought up in the unruly North-West Frontier province, has no intention of launching his 200,000-man army across the Indian border. A lifetime military man who commanded a Punjab battalion in Burma during World War II, Ayub Khan is aware that he could not conquer India in a short war, and that, in a long one, the overwhelming Indian superiority in manpower and material would be decisive. Instead, he is using his troops to enforce a much needed sense of order in Pakistan. To the vast mass of the people it seemed apparent last week that the new regime is benign and intelligently run. Already the streets are both cleaner and safer since they have been cleared of pimps, masquerading cripples, and the Karachi version of Teddy boys who were addicted to publicly molesting women.

Ayub Khan has rigidly enforced such elementary rules as 1) hospitals must not turn away anyone who is dying, 2) doctors must charge "reasonable" prices for operations. Price controls must be firmly enforced to reduce high profits. Though this is still the honeymoon period, Pakistan seems revitalized by Ayub Khan's mild martial law. Most wrongdoers are

lying low to see whether or not he seriously intends reform and, in particular, whether he has the power and the nerve to tackle Pakistan's entrenched and powerful landlords.

After years of parliamentary fumble and economic chaos, in a nation whose halves are 1,000 miles apart, Pakistan at last has a leader. India's Premier Nehru can no longer sarcastically complain, as he did several months ago, that he did not know "whom to address" in chaotic Pakistan. The man he should speak to is General Mohammed Ayub Khan.

story apartment houses run either by the government corporation or by private companies that bought them for their employees. One building is filled with the families of 900 ragpickers who pay \$1 a month in rent. In construction is a twelve-story building for the rich (monthly rent: up to \$350), which will have a roof garden, Turkish baths, a nightclub, bowling alley and a parking lot for 250 automobiles. For the middle class there are the *geta-baki* ("houses wearing wooden shoes"), which stand on stilts and have shops underneath. But whether for the

built a single apartment house," says Kano, "was to order thousands of Yale-type keys. The result has been staggering. Getting keys to their own front doors has done more to Westernize many Japanese than any other single factor." Kano's tenants agree. "Formerly," said one last week, "either my wife or myself or one of the children simply had to stay home when the rest were out: Japanese houses are quite open and there is no way of keeping anything safe in a house that does not lock. Now we all go out together and no one worries. This little flat piece of metal is wonderful. It gives us privacy and security." Adds waspish Banker Kano: "The key will emancipate wives. Their husbands will now have no good excuse for leaving them at home and going off alone to the geisha houses."

BURMA

Exit & Entrance

"I am sick and weary of bloodshed and violence," said U Nu, the gentle but by no means simple Premier of Burma for the past eleven years, as he too last week finally resigned office in favor of a general with emergency powers. Calling on Parliament to give full support to General Ne Win, U Nu warned that failure "would probably mean the death of democracy and a return to the days when naked force represented the only means of winning political power." Then U Nu handed over to newspaper editors two trunks containing his personal effects, and poured an oblation of fresh water in the Buddhist ritual that accompanies an act of charity. He was departing public life, U Nu observed, with only three shirts to his back—and several *longyi*s (Burmese sarongs) to wrap around him.

General Ne Win, 48, the new boss of Burma, is a stocky, jaunty soldier with some Chinese blood, who was a post-office clerk in the 1930s when nationalist ferment against the British was stirring Burma. Joining the revolutionary Thakin group, Ne Win was one of the famed "30 comrades" who were smuggled to Japan in 1941 for military training. When the Japanese occupied Burma, Ne Win came with them, but, like the other Thakins, soon discovered that the Japanese occupiers were more cruel than the British, and began fighting them. He has been fighting ever since: against the rebellious Karen tribesmen, against 9,000 Chinese Nationalists along the China border, against the insurgent Communists in the jungles, swamps and paddies where some 4,000 of his soldiers have died.

After picking a Cabinet of nonpolitical civil servants, Ne Win put his troops to work, shoveling garbage from Rangoon's filthy streets, cleaning the boulevards, repairing water pipes, filling in potholed roads. Old residents were amazed that suddenly the streets were no longer filled with prowling packs of wild dogs and the usual flocks of scavenger birds. To help bring down the soaring cost of living, General Ne Win ordered Burma's navy to divert its patrol boats from their coastal



Kyodo News

TOKYO APARTMENTS DRAPED WITH FUTONS

While Americans take to the shoji, Japanese are cooking with gas.

JAPAN

Life with a Key

Only 800 could crowd into the great public hall in Tokyo where the lottery took place last week, but 28,000 on the outside were waiting to hear the results. The lottery was no ordinary one, and its prize was precious indeed. It offered nothing less than a place in one of Tokyo's streamlined new apartment houses.

The apartment house is a postwar phenomenon in Japan, and the old country will never be the same. During the war 4,000,000 families saw their delicate paper houses go up in smoke, and the ramshackle wooden shacks that the government hastily threw together afterward had been destroyed, at the rate of 30,000 a year, by fire and typhoon. To take care of the millions of homeless, the government picked a go-getting, 72-year-old banker named Hisaakira Kano, a former viscount. Kano's philosophy was simple but radical: "With too many people and too little land and with millions still needing homes, there is only one way to build in Japan today—up."

Houses with Shoes. In three years, Kano's Japan Housing Corp. has built in Tokyo alone "six new cities, each with 30,000 people." The "cities" are four-

rich or the poor, each apartment house has become not only a place to live, but also a new way of life.

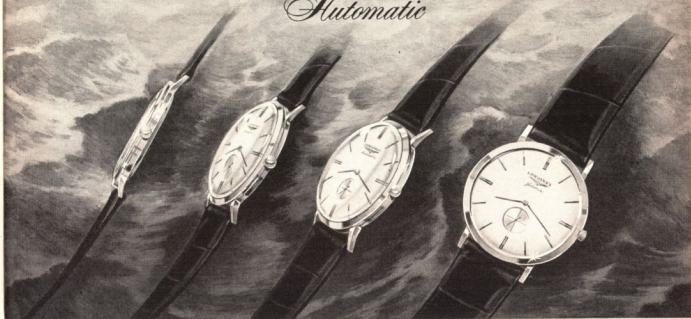
The cliff dwellers still roll out their gaily colored *futons* (quilts) at night, and drape them over balcony railings to air during the day. But the traditional *tokonoma*, the alcove in which the family displayed its scrolls and flower arrangements, has given way to built-in cupboards. Central heating has taken the place of the *hibachi* (brazier) and of the *kotatsu*, the hole in the floor filled with hot coals to keep the family feet warm.

Tables with Legs. At a time when American decorators are taking up Japanese-style sliding doors and silk screens, many Tokyo housewives now cook with gas, wash dishes in stainless steel sinks, and serve meals, not to a family sitting cross-legged on straw mats, but at Western tables. By 1993—"in time for my 107th birthday"—Kano hopes that Tokyo will be a city of skyscrapers, is even planning to build one 20 stories high.*

One gadget—the simplest of them all in Western eyes—has already made its mark. "One of the first things I did, before we

* Tokyo laws now permit only twelve-story buildings, which must have special earthquake-proof foundations.

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duties and send them out as a fishing fleet.

Summoning the top officers of the armed forces, General He Win defined his main tasks as 1) providing free and fair elections within six months, and 2) bringing peace to war-torn Burma. He ordered his officers to take "stern measures" against the Red insurgents in the countryside and their fifth columns in the towns and cities. He charged his officers to be "umpires" between the competing political parties girding for the spring elections, and cautioned them "to take very good care that no one will be able to accuse you of showing favor to this one or suppressing that one." His gloomy reading of his own chances to put things right: "Six months is a short time."

IVORY COAST

"Togoland Go Home!"

In ugly bands of 200 and 300, the black mob surged through the streets of Abidjan (pop. 128,000), capital city of the Ivory Coast, shouting against the black "invaders" from Dahomey and Togoland. Armed with knives, clubs and broken bottles, rioters smashed down any Dahomeyans or Togolandians they met. Houses were looted and set afire and as women fled into the streets, they were dragged off and raped. Native Ivory Coast policemen stood by and watched. Only the Frenchmen in the police force tried to restore order.

At the bottom of this outburst of African against African last week lay a deep-seated envy and distrust. All through France's West African territories the best positions in government, business and industry are held by industrious citizens from Togoland and Dahomey. Nearly 100% of the Ivory Coast fisheries are in their hands. As more and more Frenchmen leave technical and administrative jobs, Dahomeyans and Togolandians win the competitions to replace them. Explained a French businessman: "The truth is that the people from Dahomey and Togoland are more intelligent, better trained and educated, more disciplined and harder working than the Ivory Coastians."

The riots exploded when the government moved against the chauvinistic League of Ivory Coast Nationals, arrested 25 of its rabble-rousing leaders. As uprooted Dahomeyans and Togolandians, many of whom have lived on the Ivory Coast for years, huddled in makeshift shelters, Premier Auguste Denise lamented "the inhuman, painful spectacle of men, women and babies piled one on the other in the sun and the rain, running daily the risk of epidemics."

Another loser in the riots was the Ivory Coast's Political Boss Félix Houphouët-Boigny, who lives in Paris as the only black African in Charles de Gaulle's Cabinet. He has long ruled the Ivory Coast as a personal fief, and when he ordered it to vote yes in the De Gaulle referendum, 99% of the voters obligingly did so. As he prepared last week to fly home, Houphouët-Boigny sent a message ahead of him that was read to a public meeting,



Michael Rougier—LIFE
FELIX HOUPHOUËT-BOIGNY
Black v. black.

Said Houphouët-Boigny: "In tears, disgraced, I ask you not to proceed with the expulsion of our brothers from Dahomey and Togoland until I shall be with you. Then we shall talk and find a solution to this problem." Roared the crowd with one voice: "No! No!" Only the presence of police and army reinforcements from other territories prevented the riots from bursting forth again.

NIGERIA

"A Dream of Utopia"

For one month, delighted Londoners watched the 80 ceremonially dressed Nigerians—some with necklaces of animal teeth, others with feathered straw hats, at least one with a jeweled crown—parade into Lancaster House for their historic conference. Everything possible had been done to make them feel at home. For the Colonial Office's big reception at the Tate Gallery, all nude statues were carefully screened so as not to offend Moslems. The Lord Mayor served up a banquet of stewed peanuts, and one paramount chief—His Highness James Okosi II of the Onitsha—fulfilled a lifelong ambition: to ride the escalator at the Charing Cross underground station. In the end, the Nigerians got what they had come for: on Oct. 1, 1960, the largest (373,250 sq. mi.) of Britain's remaining colonial territories would get its independence (TIME, Nov. 3). But behind the scenes the conference had revealed ominous signs of trouble to come.

From the start there was a clash between the personalities of the Premiers of the three regions—each obviously more important than the scholarly Federal Prime Minister, Alhaji Abubakar Tafawa Balewa. In Western eyes, Obafemi Awolowo of the Western Region seemed the

most statesmanlike: as the conference began, the London Times carried a full-page ad proclaiming his declaration for freedom under the title "This I Believe," prepared with the help of an American public relations man. In contrast, U.S.-educated Premier Nnamdi ("Zik") Azikiwe of the Eastern Region seemed to have learned more in the U.S. about Tammany tactics than Thomas Jefferson, and was somewhat under a cloud as a result of a British tribunal's 1956 investigation into corruption in his administration. The North's Premier, the Sardauna of Sokoto, a haughty Moslem of noble birth, could barely conceal his contempt for his less aristocratic colleagues.

Insults & Accusations. Under the great chandeliers of the Lancaster House music room, where Chopin once played for Queen Victoria, the Premiers bickered, shot insults back and forth like poisoned darts. When the conference took up the ticklish problem of how to protect the rights of minorities among Nigeria's 250 tribes, Awolowo suggested creating three new states. The North's Sardauna, not wishing to relinquish any of his own territory, vetoed the idea. Nor did he like the plan for a centralized police force under the federal government; he much preferred to use his own force, which, answerable only to him, can pop a man in jail with no questions asked.

At one point, the Sardauna accused Awolowo of sending his supporters to Israel to be trained as saboteurs in the North—a charge fabricated out of the fact that Western Nigeria has imported agricultural experts from Israel to advise its farmers. Awolowo countercharged that the Sardauna flogs his prisoners. At receptions the delegates sipped their orange juice, icily aloof from one another. In elevators conversation would suddenly stop if a delegate from another region got on.

Compromises & Confests. But as the weeks passed, the Sardauna grudgingly consented to let the constitution carry a bill of rights, though he was so thoroughly opposed to giving the vote to women that the conference decided that this was, after all, not necessarily a "fundamental" right. The delegates then agreed on a centralized police force, but one that would be administered by a council of representatives from each region. Finally, with their own independence from Britain assured (as well as that of the adjacent British Cameroons, should they choose to become a part of Nigeria), the delegates started for home.

Until Nigeria's federal election takes place next year, the three Premiers will continue jockeying for power, and the fate of Nigeria could well hinge on who comes out on top. Last week, even as the National Planning Committee of Independence opened its contest for the design of a national flag (first prize: \$300), many Nigerians had grave reservations about what lay ahead. For all its jubilation, Nigeria's *West African Pilot* felt obliged to warn: "Independence without difficulties is a dream of Utopia."

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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Miracle in the Mine

By the sixth day after the bump, Springhill had just about given up hope for 69 men still underground in North America's deepest mine. Exhausted rescuers still hacked through rubble at a painful 1 ft. per hour, but the women stopped coming to the pithead. Some families bought cemetery plots for their men. The newsmen left for other stories, and the coal-grimed town nursed its grief behind closed doors, wondering dully what it would do now that DOSCO (Dominion Steel & Coal Corp., Ltd., subsidiary of A. V. Roe Canada Ltd.) planned to close Springhill's last mine and major industry.

At 2 p.m. came the wondrous news. A rescuer at the 13,000-ft. level heard a faint call from the broken end of a compressed-air pipe sticking from the rubble. He yelled back, heard an answering croak: "There are twelve of us in here. Come and get us." That they did. Swiftly, yet with infinite care, the rescuers dug toward the entombed men, both sides shouting happy obscenities. A burr-tongued Scotsman yelled through the pipe, got the reply: "Take the marbles out of your mouth and talk English." The rescue team shoved a copper tube through the steel pipe, poured in water, hot coffee, then soup, while a mine doctor shouted instructions to take one swallow, count 500, take another.

At the pithead, a reporter shouted the news to a local man climbing out of his car. He stared blankly, sobbed "Oh my God" and sped off to town. Within min-

utes, doors slammed, feet echoed swiftly on the pavement, and once more Springhill raced to the pithead and waited.

Thirteen hours later, borne on stretchers, swathed in blankets, their eyes shielded to prevent permanent damage from glaring camera lights, the twelve began to emerge from their 4-ft.-high cul-de-sac. Doctors found the men an average 10 lbs. lighter but in surprisingly good shape. They had found enough food in their own lunch pails and in those of dead companions in the chamber for four days, enough water, when rationed from a tiny aspirin bottle, to last almost as long. Said one survivor proudly: "No man took more than his share." Toward the last they gathered their own urine in tin cups, sipped it and used it to moisten their lips in the miner's standard survival procedure. Next evening Prince Philip, returning home from a visit to Canada, stopped at Springhill's hospital, and went from bed to bed with words of encouragement.

Hope for the remaining 48 miners still missing rose briefly, then ebbed as the DOSCO rescue director announced that there was really no chance. The digging went on. At 4:45 a.m. on the ninth day, a miner 12,600 ft. from the pithead heard scratchings. "It sounded like a cat," he said. "I couldn't believe my ears." Again there was a frantic scrambling through 12 ft. of loose debris, and two hours, 40 minutes later seven more survivors began to come out. At week's end, 29 were still missing.

CUBA

Trappings of Election

Havana displayed all the trappings of free election. Lampposts and palm trees blossomed with posters and pictures; fist-shaking candidates appealed nightly over TV; Cuban radios boomed their promises. The government announced that 72% of the island republic's 2,876,678 eligible voters had picked up their voting permits. And around the country the polls were provided with enclosed booths where the voter could even split his ticket, deposit it in a sealed ballot box.

But Cuba was only going through the motions. Between them, Dictator Fulgencio Batista and Rebel Chief Fidel Castro had throttled all chances of democratic process in this week's presidential election. Cuba's Supreme Electoral Tribunal, sitting as arbiter of election disputes, is a Batista tool. Batista's cops are everywhere; his rubber-stamp Congress 13 times in 23 months has suspended the freedoms of speech, press and assembly—all requisites to honest electioneering. Newspapers, radio and TV are censored, and when one candidate called Batista a dictator, the station automatically censored it out.

Where Batista's mailed gauntlet was absent, Castro's brass knuckles took over. His gunmen hijacked still another Cuban



BATISTA & CANDIDATE RIVERO AGÜERO
At the ballot box, a bitter joke.

airliner, this time with seven U.S. nationals aboard, forced it to crash-land in Nipe Bay. Early reports put the dead at 17 of 20 passengers and crew. In the backlands where rebel bands roam more or less at will, candidates were terrorized. They could not make campaign speeches, shake hands, or get before the people in any fashion, except from the safety of heavily guarded TV stations. A few were shot down. In Oriente province, balloting was virtually impossible. In a frenzy of rage, Castro laid ambushes along the major highways. Burnt-out cars and buses studded the roads, and Santiago, capital of Oriente, was virtually cut off. To make his point clear, Castro got on the rebel radio and warned: "The orders to the people for Nov. 3 are: Do not go outside. The people must show their rejection of the elections by remaining at home."

In such circumstances, the election was a bitter joke. Of the three leading candidates for President, Dr. Ramón Grau San Martín, 71, two-time former President (1933-34, 1944-48), had no chance at all. The only chance for Carlos Márquez Sterling, 59, lawyer and economist, lay in the unlikely possibility that Batista might want a graceful exit from an uncomfortable situation. The favorite was Batista's man, Andrés Rivero Agüero, 53, a long-time henchman hand-picked to succeed the dictator. At Batista's side since 1933, Rivero Agüero was one of his lieutenants in the 1952 coup, was rewarded with the Ministry of Education and last year with the title of Prime Minister.

Barring a military coup or an uprising far stronger than Castro has been able to mount thus far, Rivero Agüero was to show him. Whether he would ever really run the country was another question.



Associated Press

RESCUED MINER & SON
On the ninth day, a scratch for life.

PEOPLE



GENERALS CLAY, BRADLEY, EISENHOWER, MACARTHUR
With memories of other campaigns.

New York Mirror

Four horsemen of World War II met in Manhattan at the first annual dinner of the Football Hall of Fame. Stepping out of one campaign into memories of others, Old Halfback **Ike Eisenhower** posed beforehand with Generals **Douglas MacArthur**, **Omar Bradley** and **Lucius Clay**. The President enjoyed himself hugely, beamingly referred to MacArthur as "my chief," received a gold medal for "a lifetime of devotion to American intercollegiate football," rocked so with laughter at the khaki, G.I. jokes of Hoosier Comedian **Herb Shriner** that a newsman muttered: "I didn't think the Republicans were so alarmed over the Indiana vote." But most of all, Ike liked being in the presence of the massive greats of the game, many of whom were still piling gain on steady gain. He was visibly moved by the honor of being presented to such old Hall of Famers* as **Elmer Layden**, **Don Hutson**, **Otto Graham** and **Alex Wojciechowitz**, center magnilith of Fordham's Seven Blocks of Granite.

"Everybody wants me to play another dotty lieutenant colonel," said **Alec Guinness**, alluding—in an interview with syndicated Nightcrawler Earl Wilson—to his

* The Hall of Fame elevated nine new members. Three from the new platoon: **Harry Stuhldreher**, quarterback (1922-24) among the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, longtime coach (at Villanova and Wisconsin), now assistant vice president in charge of industrial relations of U.S. Steel; **Harry Kipke**, Michigan '23, halfback and missile-toed punter, nine-year Michigan head coach who won four Big Ten titles and one national championship, now president of the Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of Chicago; and the late **Thomas Albert Dwight** ("Tad") Jones, Yale player, Yale head coach (1916, 1920-27) and Yale bulldog who once told his team in a pregame address: "Gentlemen, you are about to play football for Yale against Harvard. Never in your lives will you do anything so important."

Academy Award-winning interpretation of Colonel Nicholson in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. "The moneybags always say, 'Let's make another picture exactly like the last one'—and they lose their shirts. Now we're in the middle of the horror cycle. I hope they all do lose their shirts."

Noodle shops thrived on the celebration. Bunting and streamers festooned Taipei. And to avoid the well-wishing crush, Nationalist China's Generalissimo **Chiang Kai-shek** went off to his Sun Moon Lake retreat, passed a quiet 72nd birthday.

Cleveland Industrialist (steel, rubber, paint) **Cyrus Eaton** called his talk "A Capitalist Looks at the Commissars" and his audience—a National Press Club luncheon in Washington—sat popeyed at what they heard. On his recent trip to Russia, Eaton was so impressed with Soviet good will and "dedication to work," so eager to believe in a Khrushchev who had offered him palmolive-branch assurances ("He wants to make peace with us. He wants to get along . . ."), that he pooh-poohed the Hungarian suppression as not the Russians' fault at all and added that "the Hungarian issue is a phony one." With that, a contagious snarl spread through his audience; but no one could really take the old man too seriously. Said the Washington *News*: "One more trip to Russia and he'll come back believing the Commies invented Lake Erie."

In Manhattan with a new play, Britain's Angry Young Success **John Osborne** looked back with pleasure on his previous record with U.S. critics. "I've actually been more respected here," said the 28-year-old playwright of *The Entertainer* and *Look Back in Anger*. "At home I feel like Julius Caesar going into the Forum

... In this American century—because it has the American look and the American accent—the cry at home now is that I've sold out to the Yankee dollar."

Voted to British Explorer **Sir Vivian Fuchs**: the Hubbard Medal, highest award of the National Geographic Society, for his 99-day trans-Antarctica trek covering 2,158 uncharted miles.

Hunting partridge in Maine, U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia **Karl Rankin** found the woods of Washington County more baffling than Titotitarian thickets, got lost and was missing overnight, finally picked his own way out.

Perhaps influenced by the recent marriage of his 67-year-old brother Chico, onetime Straight Man **Herbert (Zeppo) Marx**, 57, now a citrus rancher, had a new fiancée: blonde, 22-year-old Model **Diane Davies**.

After giving her new musical review a pre-Main Street tryout in Anchorage, Fairbanks, Kodiak and Nome, **Mary Martin** was off on a miss-nothing swing through the smaller states, including Texas, where she was born. "I haven't been home for about 14 years," she told newsmen in Knoxville. "Last time we drove down, there was a big sign that said, you ARE ENTERING PARKER COUNTY, HOME OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST WATERMELONS AND MARY MARTIN. First time I ever got second billing to a watermelon."

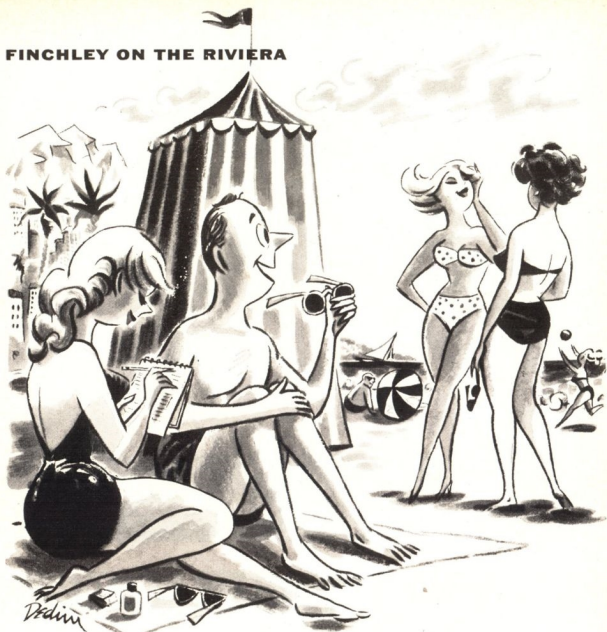
Taxing down the flight deck like a portly TBF torpedo bomber from World War II, former Naval Person **Sir Winston Churchill** inspected the crew of the U.S. Sixth Fleet's aircraft carrier *Randolph*, off Cannes.



EX-NAVAL PERSON CHURCHILL
With the roll of a portly bomber.

UPI

FINCHLEY ON THE RIVIERA



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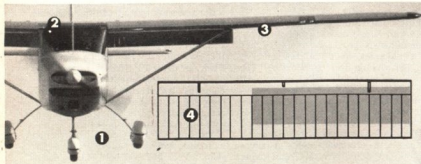
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For waves, molds, locked chains and sex life of bacteria.

Nobelmen of 1958

Even as all Moscow reverberated with the volleys of invective loosed upon Boris Pasternak (see FOREIGN NEWS), the Nobel Prize committee announced that the prize in physics had been awarded to Russian Physicists Pavel A. Cherenkov, Igor I. Tamm and Ilya M. Frank. Without a trace of embarrassment over its inconsistency, Soviet officialdom beamed, and nobody charged (as they had with Pasternak) that it would amount to accepting a "handout" from "the enemy." All three Russians rank high in the esteem of the outside world as well as in the Soviet scientific hierarchy. Dr. Tamm is often rated as the leading Soviet nuclear physicist, represented Russia at the recent Geneva conference on technical means for detecting atomic explosions.

The research that led to the award began in 1934, when Cherenkov, then 30, noticed a bluish glow where gamma rays from radium were striking through water in a flask. The glow was exceedingly faint, and a less curious man might have put it aside as ordinary fluorescence, which is given off by many materials when struck by gamma rays. But Cherenkov's mysterious light proved to be strongly polarized, had a continuous (rainbow-like) spectrum, and was given off predominantly in the direction of the gamma rays.

The Cherenkov radiation remained a tantalizing mystery until three years later. Two other Soviet physicists, Ilya M. Frank and his senior, Igor Tamm (who studied at Edinburgh and speaks English with a Scottish burr), became interested, worked out a strange but correct theory. When gamma rays pass through water, they hit electrons, and the impact bumps the electrons up to high velocities. The electrons do not move faster than light in a vacuum (186,000 m.p.s., the Einsteinian speed limit of the universe), but they do move faster than light in water, 140,000 m.p.s. For exceeding the local speed limit, the electrons are "fined" a part of their energy, which shows up as Cherenkov radiation. Something analogous happens when a ship moves on the sea's surface. If the ship's speed exceeds that of the waves, as it usually does, some of the ship's energy appears as a bow wave that resembles the light waves observed by Cherenkov.

This led to the development of an

SCIENCE

extremely important modern instrument: the Cherenkov counter. It is made of some transparent substance such as Lucite. When a proton, electron or other charged particle enters it at a speed that is greater than the speed of light in the material, Cherenkov radiation is given off. Its angle (like the angle of a ship's bow wave) depends on the speed of the particle. When the angle is measured by a photomultiplier tube, the speed of the particles can be determined.

Cherenkov counters are now among the leading tools of physics. They fly high in rockets and Sputniks to measure the energy of cosmic rays. They keep watch in cyclotron laboratories. The Russians are now building a monster Cherenkov counter two stories high.

Bacteria and Flies. The award in medicine went to three U.S. scientists working in genetics—a field that had not even been named when Dynamite Maker Alfred Nobel died in 1896.

Half of the \$41,420 prize will go to the team of George Wells Beadle of Caltech (TIME, July 14), who is this year's George Eastman Visiting Professor at Oxford University, and Edward L. Tatum of Manhattan's Rockefeller Institute. Working together at Stanford University in 1940, they discarded the fruit flies traditionally used in studying heredity, employed instead a selected red bread mold, *Neurospora crassa*. The mold is easier to handle, its life chemistry is simpler, and yet it reproduces sexually.

Beadle and Tatum irradiated masses of mold with X rays and searched for mutations in the spores. On the 209th try they got a mold that would not grow unless it was fed vitamin B-6 (pyridoxine). The normal mold makes vitamin B-6 for itself. They traced this deficiency to an X-ray-damaged gene that failed to produce the necessary enzyme (organic catalyst) for producing B-6. This provided a means of studying genetic changes by corresponding changes in the organism's ability or failure to produce specific chemicals—thus giving genetics a new exactness and turning it into a predominantly chemical science.

Sex & Transduction. The other half of the medicine prize was awarded to Professor Joshua Lederberg (33) of the Uni-

versity of Wisconsin, whom his colleagues unstintingly rate as a genius. When 22 and working under Tatum as a graduate student at Yale, Lederberg proved that bacteria have a sex life of a sort, i.e., reproduce by the union of two organisms, with a consequent exchange of genes. This discovery widely expanded the field of experiment, since bacteria are even handier than molds in genetic experiments.

Even more important was Lederberg's later discovery that viruses preying on bacteria can change the heredity of their victims. In this process, which is called transduction, a virus invades a bacterium, breaks it up and reorganizes its material into hundreds of new virus particles. If these particles in turn infect another bacterium and it survives, they sometimes change it into a new strain. Apparently the viruses, acting somewhat like submicroscopic spermatozoa, take hereditary material from the first bacterium and transfer it to the second.

Genetics does not seem at first glance to have much to do with medicine, but many human disabilities are based in genetics. The most baffling problem of medicine, cancer, is caused by a genetic change in human cells that makes them multiply irresponsibly. Increased knowledge of genetics may eventually cure or prevent cancer.

Secret of Insulin. Led by a man thumping a small drum, a joyful group gathered in a Cambridge University lab to celebrate with champagne when word came that this year's chemistry prize had gone to British chemist Frederick Sanger. A fellow at King's College, Sanger is attacking the mystery of life from another chemical angle. In 1954 Sanger announced that after ten years of work, he and a small group of colleagues had determined the structure of the insulin molecule. Their achievement did not result in cheaper or better insulin for the world's diabetics, but it may ultimately prove more important. For insulin is a protein, and the active parts of all living organisms are made largely of proteins.

Proteins are enormously complicated molecules, and until Sanger's work on insulin, no one had ever been able to determine the structure of even the simplest of them. Chemists have known for many years that protein molecules are made of amino acids (nitrogen-containing organic acids) strung together in long chains or



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cables. By various kinds of rough treatment, the chemists could separate and count the amino acid building blocks. But this did not reveal their structural plan.

Dr. Sanger tried treating the insulin molecule gently, succeeded in breaking it into large chunks. He separated the fragments and labeled the amino acids on their ends by making them combine with a material called DNP (for dinitrophenyl). When he broke the fragments into smaller fragments, the amino acids that had been in the end positions were stained yellow with DNP. There are 51 amino acid units in insulin, a comparatively simple protein. But Sanger's patience and skill eventually found the place of each in the long chain. Then he reassembled the fragments and learned how the chain is folded over and locked together. At last he had the first full picture of one of the giant molecules that are the stuff of life.

Screwworm Factory

Worst plague of Florida cattle is a large bluish fly called the screwworm. The adult female lays eggs on wounds or scratches, and the eggs hatch into maggots that literally eat the victim alive. Screwworm maggots can kill a full-grown steer in less than ten days. But last week, with the enthusiastic approval of cattlemen, planes were scattering millions of live screwworm flies over Florida rangelands.

Reason behind this unlikely procedure is the pest's fatal weakness: the female mates only once. If a female happens to mate with a sterile male, she will lay nothing but infertile eggs for the rest of her short (three weeks) life. The U.S. Department of Agriculture scientists concluded that if males could be sterilized and released in large number, they would find the fertile females, mate with them, and thus eliminate them permanently as progenitors.

Tried out in 1954 on the West Indian island of Curaçao, the scheme exterminated the island's flies in less than a year (TIME, Feb. 7, 1955). Last spring the USDA and the Florida Livestock Board set up a million-dollar screwworm factory at Sebring, Fla. The fierce, legless maggots are fed on 80,000 lbs. a week of mixed whale and horse meat flavored with 4,500 gals. of beef blood. When they get their growth and turn into pupae, they are harvested, packed into aluminum canisters, and exposed for 6½ minutes to gamma rays from radioactive cobalt.

At the end of this experience, both males and females are sterile but otherwise undamaged. When they emerge from the pupa cases two days later as vigorous adults, they are packed into small cartons, loaded into airplanes for release over Florida and parts of adjacent states.

The campaign has already proved its worth. Last year practically every calf born in Florida was infested with screwworms, and total infestations of cattle averaged 35,000 per month. Since March, only 600 cases were reported—the equivalent of a saving of many millions of dollars for Florida cattlemen.



This interpretation of Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Warriors, at the Battle of Bannockburn, was painted especially for Chivas Regal by the artist Phil Hays. It vividly reproduces the effect of mosaic—the art form of ancient Byzantium, later highly developed in Italy.

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SHOW BUSINESS

BOX OFFICE

Money-makers

¶ Ziv Television Programs Inc., largest of the TV film syndicators that have made a \$100 million industry out of quickie adventure series for non-network distribution, whooped that their boys make at least as much money as any of the high-priced network talent. Adolphe Menjou grossed \$235,000 from *Target* last year, Lloyd Bridges \$300,000 from *Sea Hunt*, and Richard Carlson will make \$287,000 from *Mackenzie's Raiders* this year. Meanwhile, Jack Paar struggles along on \$200,000 for NBC, and CBS's James Arness, whose *Guns of the West* hit the top of the ratings, toils for a humble \$50,000.

¶ The cost of network TV is zooming at a wicked rate, has increased more than \$20,000—to \$87,700—in the past two years for an average nighttime half-hour.

¶ Rodgers and Hammerstein will be able to pay the fuel bill this winter, with *Flower Drum Song*, sold out for all 4½ weeks of its Boston tryout. Advance sale in New York a month before the Broadway opening: a reported \$1,000,000 plus.

¶ The Screen Extras Guild reports that some producers of westerns are chiseling on their cowboys by taking them off their horses too often and photographing them on foot. Cause of the beef: filmland cowpokes get \$29.04 per eight-hour day in the saddle, only \$22.05 out of it.

HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

Bee Volant

The motto of the second Earl Beatty of the North Sea and of Brookby is *Non vi sed arte* (Not by force but by art). His arms include a beehive beset by nine bees volant, his crest a demilion gules holding in the dexter paw a crescent or. Last week an artful bee volant from Hoboken was buzzing about the prettiest he ever to bear the illustrious Beatty name. Frank Sinatra, who recently proved in Madison, Ind. (TIME, Aug. 25) that he puts on some of his most striking performances off-screen, was being demilionized by London society and demi-society, while the press eagerly predicted that he was about to marry pretty, brunette Countess Beatty, 36, the former Adelle Dillingham O'Connor of Oklahoma City.*

From the moment he checked into a \$75-a-day Dorchester Hotel suite, Frankie had the British press enthralled. Reporters duly noted that the suite contained what even the British have come to call a Hollywood-size bed, and the *Daily Mir-*

ror commented: "Never was so large a bed used by so small a man with so little apparent regard for sleep." Frankie spent most of his insomnia with Adelle Beatty. Ostensibly in town to introduce Danny Kaye and other stars of *Me and the Colonel* at a benefit opening, Frankie took her to three parties on three successive evenings, particularly wowed Lady Northampton's guests. "Perfectly adorable," said Lady Lewisham, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys was so stricken with the Sinatra charm that she gasped: "I'd like him to meet the Duchess of Gloucester."

But later on the third night, Lady Beatty spat with Frankie and drove off in a

a movie. "I can't wait," said Frankie. "I gotta be in Boston. Senator Kennedy is a friend of mine, and I promised." Finally, Frankie made a return volant to the U.S., still determinedly withholding his paw sinister from the gold circlet that anyone might wish to slip on his finger.

TELEVISION

Frying Friars

For once, every act on next Sunday's *Ed Sullivan Show* will be funny on purpose; there will be no performing dogs, no movie clips, no marching bands—just laughs. Sullivan turned his whole program over to a film of one of the famed Friars Club dinners, at which the venerable show-business club periodically honors



SINATRA & LADY BEATTY
One way to spend one's insomnia.

Keystone

Huff.* After two days, during which Frankie sulked and even refused an invitation to a ball for Princess Margaret, Lady Beatty decided to save face—her own face, which in times of emotional stress has a tendency to break out in an unbecoming rash. Off to Zurich she flew to see her psychiatrist. Said she about Frankie: "I don't want to see him ever again."

Eternity lasted less than a day. Lured by three phone calls from London, Lady Beatty returned, her lovely face rashless. Nevertheless, when it was finally time for the benefit, Frankie assured his audience, including Queen Elizabeth, that "I came from Los Angeles just to do this job, not to get married." When he was presented to her, the Queen asked: "Hello, how are you?" Said Frankie: "I'm well."

There was some question whether Frankie was really quite well when he brusquely turned down an offer from Brigitte Bardot to go to London to discuss

and heckles show folk. Target of the dinner seen on the Sullivan show: Ed Sullivan. Result: one of the sprightliest TV hours of the fall.

Faced with a dais of sharpshooting comedians, frozen-faced Ed Sullivan himself is separated from a smile or two, notably when Friar "Abbot" Joe E. Lewis describes him as the "only fellow who can light a room up—just by leaving it." The smile actually broadens a bit when M.C. Jack Carter snaps back: "Lewis is more than a Friar. He's really a stewing chicken." Between Rocky Graziano's remote snuffles and Jack E. Leonard's beligerent groans, the show seldom slows down. Comedian Joey Bishop's brief speech moves the audience to a fine double take once everyone realizes that Joey has finished. "I have been asked to talk about the generosity, warmth and honesty of Ed Sullivan. Thank you." Exit Bishop.

Before the show is half over, viewers are likely to wonder why CBS is not putting other Friars Club dinners on the air. Fact is, CBS planned on doing just that. After seeing the Sullivan pilot film, the

* Her first husband was Lawyer William V. O'Connor, now California deputy attorney general. Her second, who divorced her last June on charges of adultery, was Earl Beatty, grandson of Chicago's late Merchant Prince Marshall Field, son of the late Baron Beatty of the North Sea, Admiral of the Fleet and dashing hero of Jutland, who is famed for his remark to a flag officer, after seeing two of his cruisers go down: "Chatfield, there seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today."

* A Huff is a small British auto that English ladies take with them to parties in lieu of mad money.

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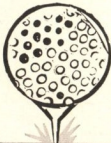
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CITY STATE

Texas Co. was all set to pay \$4,500,000 for a package that included eight similar shows, but backed out at the last minute. High-octane operators were disturbed, so the story goes, over a brief, dull speech by New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits in the last portion of the dinner. But Producer Nat (Bilko) Hiken, himself a Democrat, would brook no interference. So far, no other buyers for the Friars.

The same shortage of sponsors for unrehearsed humor also killed the best new comedy show in years. The show: *Keep Talking*, a zany competition between teams of comic talkers trying to spin out a screwball tale while slipping in a screwball secret phrase that the opposition must spot. Literate and consistently funny, the show was carried by CBS all summer and into the fall without attracting a sponsor. Last week CBS decided that while it still liked *Keep Talking*, it could not afford to keep paying.

The Nonperformers

Every Monday evening at 10 p.m. on NBC, a honk that sounds as if it came from a goose with a bad head cold reverberates through the living rooms of America, and America listens—and watches. *The Arthur Murray Party* and its nasal, admittedly amateurish M.C., Kathryn Murray, have somehow waltzed into one of the top-rated spots on nighttime TV. Fortnight ago, after CBS had spent weeks advertising *The Case of Dr. Mudd* on *DeSilu Playhouse*, CBS's Trendex was 18.7, the *Party's* a cozy 24.7.

Tall, gawky Dance Master Murray, 63, whose major contribution is to hop onstage like an arthritic flamingo at show's end and swirl his wife off-camera, is puzzled by the popularity of what is essentially a corny variety show with some dance-studio trimmings. Says he: "Maybe it's popular because they want a free dance lesson." Hostess Kathryn, at 52, still a petite 98 lbs., tries a bit harder to understand. "I've a harsh, unattractive voice, but at least it's distinctive," she says. "The cab drivers always spot it. The other day, one of them said to me: 'You don't have talent, you can't sing, you're not a very good dancer, you're no glamour girl and you're no spring chicken, but there's one thing you do have—courage.'"

Kathryn Murray has been flaunting her courage on the air since 1950, when husband Arthur put up the money for *Party's* first half-hour of relentlessly joyous dancing. Although they picked up a few sponsors, the show was gradually dropped to the status of summer replacement—and clobbered Cornball Lawrence Welk when placed opposite him. Thus encouraged, says Kathryn, "we figured that if we were going to take a chance on being criticized, we'd rather do it on a winter show." This year the Murrays finally found a full-time evening sponsor (P. Lorillard).

The show has had no more trouble garnering top guest stars—often without pay—than it does audiences. Tallulah waltzes, Fernando Lamas tangos, and last week even Helen Hayes tippy-toed

through a routine. "It appeals for its very amateurishness," says an NBC pressagent. "Every middle-aged woman identifies herself with Kathryn and thinks, 'There, but for the grace of inhibitions, go I.'"

THE ROAD

Safe from Broadway

Broadway is an unhealthy place, in the opinion of Producer Manning Gurian, because of the fallout from all those theatrical A-bombs. Knowing the pain of Broadway radiation burns (in 1948 he brought Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke* into Manhattan after a triumphant three-week road tryout only to see *Summer* go up in smoke), he has devised a classically simple defense: get out of town. His invaluable asset: a wife named Julie Harris.

For years, Producer Gurian has been looking for what might be called a clean



Eileen Darby—Graphic House
JULIE HARRIS & FAMILY
A clean bomb in the boondocks.

bomb—a low-radiation play that he could take to the road before Manhattan critics could blast it. Last week after having read more than 400 scripts, Actress Harris opened to warm reviews in Wilmington, Dela. in her husband's production of *The Warm Peninsula*, an impish tale of a good little Milwaukee girl's search for glamour in Miami. Before even getting near Broadway, *Peninsula* will live out of its trunks for a full year, is booked to play in 19 U.S. cities by May.

Producer Gurian, 45, rests his return to the boondocks—once teeming with such performers as Maude Adams and Edwin Booth—on a tripod of reasons: "It's practical; it's economical; and it's romantic." Some time next year, the Gurians will bring their play to the radioactive side-walks of New York, but by then, they will be able to view critical reaction philosophically. "A moderately good show might flop in New York," muses Manning, "but it might entertain the nation."

What's the biggest "woman's club" in your state?

*In state after
state it's the
millions of
trading stamp
savers.*



PHOTO BY HOWELL CONANT

by **AMY VANDERBILT**
Prominent author and
lecturer to American women's clubs

FROM what I see and hear traveling about the country, I predict a long life ahead for trading stamps. I base that on a very simple observation. Wherever I go I find that women like them.

Nor do I wonder that the American woman has taken them to her heart. Of course, it's the husband who's generally the family provider. But what housewife who saves trading stamps doesn't think of herself as a "good provider," too. And she is. Through her thrift and diligence in shopping where trading stamps are given, she provides "extras" for the family to enjoy.

Moreover, her devotion to stamps pays off handsomely for America's business firms. Last year she took home from redemption stores about \$500,000,000 worth of appliances, home furnishings and hobby equipment. Making these things gave employment to 75,000 people

in manufacturing plants and on farms.

And often the merchandise the housewife gets with stamps generates other spending. It gives her fresh ideas that send her out to buy other things at local stores.

American women live in an atmosphere where they can be free and independent in their thinking. They can shop where they like. It is significant that the women in 2 out of 3 families (I call them the country's largest "woman's club") shop regularly where they get a discount for cash in the form of trading stamps.

★ ★ ★

NOTE: If you would like to receive research material about the trading stamp industry . . . or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

*This message is one of a series presented for your information by
THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY which pioneered 62 years ago in
the movement to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash.
S&H GREEN STAMPS are currently being saved by over 22 million families.*



We can help you talk

Everyone knows that a bank like ours can think of money in terms of dollars. Or pesos. Or markkas. Or even kyats.

What's more, people come to us every day to get the answers to such confusing questions as "Where can I sell abroad and get prompt payment in dollars?"... "What foreign currencies are readily convertible?"

But in addition to knowing *about* money, did it ever occur to you that we can help you *make* money in any part of the globe?

As the hub of a world network of banks—with more than 3,000 correspondent banks all over the world—we can also give you helpful infor-



mation about markets, manpower, plant facilities or other matters important to your business.



... well named,
the "Continental"

MEDICINE

The Case of Mary Grey-Eyes

There were no jobs for migrant stoop laborers around Arizona's Indian reservations in early August, so Robert Grey-Eyes and family were idle. True to the Navajos' matrilinear tradition, they moved in on his mother-in-law, Ason Tso, near Many Farms, 150 miles east of the Grand Canyon. Mary Grey-Eyes, 35, a broad-faced, well-built mother of two, seemed fit despite chronic gall-bladder disease. But one Saturday afternoon, as towering Black Mountain's shadow reached across Carson Mesa to the comfortless, slab-sided hogan, the pain in Mary's side got worse than ever. Soon she was nauseated and feverish; then her headache became unbearable.

Following centuries-old tribal custom, the family called in a *nidinhihi*, a diag-

nostic, Field Physician Garfield Fred Burkhardt suspected meningitis, probably tuberculous—a disease that was invariably fatal until twelve years ago. He plunged a needle into her back and tapped the spinal fluid. Its high cell content buttressed his fears. While Navajo Nelson Bennett worked the field radio to alert the Navajo medical center at Fort Defiance for an emergency admission, Dr. Burkhardt gave Mary Grey-Eyes a massive penicillin injection. This would combat the infection if pneumococci, rather than tubercle bacilli, were the cause.

There was a third and worse possibility: meningococci, which could kill Mary within an hour or two. Dr. Burkhardt dared not delay either treatment or hospitalization. He ordered one of the clinic's two radio-equipped sedans rigged with an infusion bottle hung from the coat hook

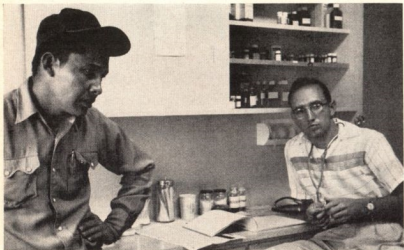
know that she was in the hospital. Within 24 hours she was fully conscious, began a steady recovery from her meningitis (later confirmed as tuberculous by laboratory tests done in New York City). To guard against relapse, husband Robert took her clothes home from the sanatorium, hired a medicine man to conduct a 36-hour *hózhóngji* over them. This was far safer than the Indians' former habit of taking the patient home too soon, and probably just as effective.

Mary has done so well (though she will have to stay in the sanatorium for months until her infected spinal fluid is cleared completely) that recently, when her gall bladder kicked up again, her doctors decided to operate. Last week, in the Indian Hospital's small but modern operating room, Surgeon Henry C. Savage found one large gallstone and several smaller ones, dropped them into a beaker and gave them to delighted husband Robert Grey-Eyes, who had watched the operation from a balcony. They may figure in another *hózhóngji* soon. This week Mary Grey-Eyes was walking around, chatting with her husband and Navajo nurses, doing as well as though she had never been brushed by the wings of death.

Two-Way Help. The treatment of Mary Grey-Eyes was an unusually dramatic but otherwise typical activity of a precedent-breaking project, a cooperative effort of Cornell University, the Federal Government (through PHS), private foundations, and the Navajo people themselves. All give financial support to the Field Health Research Project. Just as Eastern financiers, philanthropists and Government functionaries meet in paneled board rooms and vote money to help "the poor Indian," so does the Navajo Tribal Council, governing body of a newly prosperous Navajo nation (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) vote funds to help the white man. It has put up a total of \$80,000 in the last seven years for the clinic's expansion and operating costs.

Set forlornly in the middle of a barren valley between spectacular mountains, the clinic at Many Farms is housed in a single-story, barracks-type building, while the 18 staff members (six white, twelve Navajos) live in trailers with various types of additions, and in old Santa Fe railroad boxcars. Under the direction of Manhattan-based Dr. Kurt W. Deuschle of Cornell's Department of Public Health, the project's aim is not only day-by-day treatment of ailing Navajos. Of greater long-range importance is a study in depth of the tribe's health needs (from a sample area of 800 sq. mi., with a population of 2,400), and how its traditional attitudes toward health can be most effectively merged with white men's methods.

Mind & Body. Guided by staff anthropologists, the clinic accepts native Navajo medicine and medicine men—in sharp contrast with most oldtime medical missionaries, who forbade the Navajos to practice their rituals. Fortunately, the Navajos have some sound ideas about health. Health, they hold, consists in being in harmony with all one's surround-



NAVAJO & DR. BURKHARDT AT MANY FARMS CLINIC
Some cases go back to the medicine man.

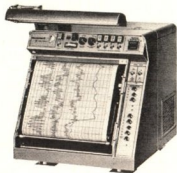
nostician who works by hand-trembling—but they fetched her in their own 1953 Chevrolet sedan. Diagnostician Emma Teller squatted at Mary's bedside, dusted corn pollen on her upturned right palm, made the zigzag lightning sign with her left forefinger and crooned a ritual chant. As she passed her hand over Mary's body, it began to tremble. From its motion (*nidinhihi*) Emma concluded that Mary had somehow offended the Wind Spirits. Her prescription: a *chishiji*, a two-day sing led by a medicine man.

First Aid, Cold Bath. But Mary Grey-Eyes was not to be sung over. Next day she was worse, and the family decided there might be stronger medicine more promptly available five miles away at the Navajo-Cornell Field Health Research Project's clinic. For first aid they performed a *hózhádítji* to ward off evil. This included a cold bath in the open air, after which the patient understandably felt worse. Then they took her to the clinic.

From Mary's 104° fever and other

and bundled Mary into the car. A Navajo staff member drove the 90 miles (much of it over spring-breaking dirt roads) to Fort Defiance, while Burkhardt squatted by the patient, gave her a continuous intravenous infusion of sulfadiazine.

Three Threats. At the U.S. Public Health Service Indian Hospital and Sanatorium, Mary Grey-Eyes became the patient of Dr. Roger Des Prez, another Cornell University physician on special reservation duty. He found her almost comatose, kept up Burkhardt's precautionary measures, and started additional injections of isoniazid and streptomycin to attack the suspected tuberculous infection. White man's medicine was thus answering all three threats. But Mary Grey-Eyes kept getting worse. Her blood pressure fell, and her pulse raced. Dr. Des Prez decided to add yet another modern miracle drug, hydrocortisone. Within four hours Mary Grey-Eyes opened her big brown eyes, was clear-headed enough to



Honeywell Model 1012 direct-recording Visicorder Oscillograph has push-button automatic control. Size, 17" wide, 21" high. Price, about \$12,000.

This Honeywell Visicorder writes with light at 20,000 inches per second. It records, instantaneously and simultaneously, up to 36 separate measurements on light-sensitive paper. Faster and more versatile than any other type of recorder, its uses range from monitoring nuclear reactions to recording electrocardiograms. Such versatility suggests that the Honeywell Visicorder could be helpful in your business. For more information, write Honeywell.

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A THINKING MAN'S
FILTER...
A SMOKING MAN'S
TASTE!**

This man thinks for himself. Knows the difference between fact and fancy. Trusts judgment, not opinion. Such a man usually smokes VICEROY. His reason? Best in the world. He knows for a fact that only VICEROY has a thinking man's filter and a smoking man's taste.

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Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

ings—human, animal, and the spirits of nature. They recognize no dichotomy between mind and body; so all their medicine is, in a sense, psychosomatic.

When Cornell physicians believe that they have cured the physical side of a Navajo's ills, and that his remaining problems are emotional, they agree that he may find help among his own people. In effect, they are referring him to a medicine man. And as mutual understanding improves, they are delighted to find that a *nidinhihi*, like other native diagnosticians, is more likely to refer patients direct to the clinic, bypassing the *chishiji* and similar sings. The medicine men, more and more, are admitting themselves to PHS hospitals to get white man's magic for illnesses which, they recognize, they cannot cure themselves. The Many Farms clinic itself has a dual tie with the divinities of healing: its Hippocratic directors were careful, when it was dedicated 2½ years ago, to have two Navajo medicine men conduct elaborate good-omen rituals. It looks as though the magic of both races has been effective.

Radium Hangovers

Radium-Treated Patients

University research center looking for persons who received radium injections or who drank radium solutions, such as "Radithor," before 1935. Write Z7516—Advt.

This advertisement, with the rare privilege of Page One prominence by the New York Times, got results. One was that a New Yorker now in his mid-70s wrote to the advertiser (the Radioactivity Center of M.I.T.) and told his story. About 30 years ago he was working as a salesman, playing the guitar for relaxation. When he began to feel run down, a friend suggested a radium tonic to pep him up. His doctor saw nothing against it—for these were the days when many medical men were playing fast and loose with radium preparations, knowing and recking nothing of the dangers.® The salesman dropped in at the plant in East Orange, N.J., where Radithor was made, horse-traded his guitar for four cases (25 bottles to the case) of elixir. Each tiny bottle contained about a millionth of a gram of radium, the same amount of mesothorium.

Seven Times Safety. The salesman drank three cases, generously let his sister have the fourth case. He would have taken more, but fortunately for him—and others—the Radithor outfit went out of business. Recently, responding to M.I.T.'s invitation, he presented himself for a checkup. Dr. Robley Dunglison Evans, 51, had him breathe into a glass flask, to test for radon gas in his breath, and into a mask hooked up to another flask to test for another gas, thoron, that has a half life of only 54 seconds. An ultra-sensitive scintillation counter scanned his

® Industry was even more ignorant of the hazards. Last week in Orange, N.J., officials reported that radium poisoning, from licking brushes used in painting luminous watch dials, had claimed its 42nd victim when Lucy Sullivan, 57, a dial painter in the '20s, died of cancer.



RESEARCHER EVANS
Too safe is not too bad.

whole body for gamma rays. X rays searched his bones for radioactive deposits. There, though the now retired salesman seems to be in good health, Dr. Evans found seven times as much radioactivity as he considered safe for a man to carry around.

A Philadelphia businessman, now 63, bothered by some kind of rheumatism back in 1918, took a radium tonic then for about two months, quit when it gave no relief. Later, under X rays because his joints still creaked, his bones showed puzzling deposits. At M.I.T., Dr. Evans and colleagues found that he still had 25 times the calculated safe dose of radium in him, finding that he had originally consumed 1,000 times the safe dose.

Higher Margin? Strangely, though many victims of the radium-tonic craze were made severely ill, some lost limbs and a few died as a direct result of poisoning, most of the long-term survival cases now under study appear to be in good health. Especially notable is the fact that among the 160 so far examined, Dr. Evans has found not a single case of leukemia. The continuing study at M.I.T., broadening out since doctors all over the U.S. were alerted by the A.M.A. *Journal* to search their memories and patients' histories for radium-craze cases, is expected to reveal the reasons for these anomalous findings.

One possibility is that Dr. Evans was overconservative back in 1941 when he set the safe "maximum permissible body burden" of radium at one ten-millionth of a gram. If so, some of the alarm about recent fallout may be allayed, because the 1941 radium standard was the base on which all other permissible body burdens have been computed. But if Dr. Evans was overconservative then, it was a good fault: after the haphazard misuse of radium only a decade earlier, a strong corrective was needed.



THE SAME FINE OLD FORESTER...
PACKAGED IN THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

This is Old Forester, gift of prestige. A decanter befitting its tradition serves a full fifth of the most respected of whiskies...yet costs no more than the standard bottle.

True for 89 Christmases: *"There is nothing better in the market"*



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Fastest ... unexcelled in this most vital performance requirement. **Lightest** ... minimum weight at the critical take-off point. **Most Maneuverable** ... agile and responsive at record altitudes. **Simplest** ... for optimum maintenance and reliability. **Smallest** ... compactness means more fighter planes aboard. **Lowest-Cost** ... in procurement and throughout operation. **Pilot's Airplane** ... easiest training transition, superlative handling qualities, safety, reliable automation.

Direct descendant of the Fleet-proved F8U-1 Crusader, Chance Vought's Crusader III today is undergoing a rapid, low-risk, low-cost advance to operational readiness.

CHANCE **VOUGHT AIRCRAFT**
INCORPORATED - DALLAS, TEXAS



MISCELLANY

Grime Bomb. In Denver, Dr. James L. Tuck, thermonuclear research chief at Los Alamos, N. Mex., caused much speculation by keeping an oddly bulging briefcase always at his side during a conference, later revealed that it contained part of his wife's vacuum cleaner, which she had asked him to have fixed in Denver.

Let Fraudom Ring. In Hamm, West Germany, deciding a case, the state labor court ruled officially that "men are not capable to deal with household work."

Thrift. In Ridgewood, N.J., police picked up Irwin A. Leibowitz for using a slug in a pay telephone, found that he had \$899.60 in cash in his pockets.

Two for the Show. In Taoyuan, Formosa, when Yang Shih-ming's bride failed to appear for her wedding, Yang turned to Bridesmaid Chiang Ming-yeh, asked her if she would like to be his wife, married her instead.

School of No Knocks. In Milwaukee, Ronald O. Huff drove into a filling station, told the attendant "never mind the gas," pulled out a pistol and robbed him of \$33, was caught by police after his car ran out of gas eight blocks away.

No Passing. In Denver, three applicants for driver's licenses, each accompanied by a state motor-vehicle-license examiner, crashed in a three-way accident on a downtown street.

Snap Judgment. In Cairns, Australia, the city council enacted a regulation requiring licenses for crocodiles.

Pinorama. In Methuen, Mass., using a hair from one of her husband's eyebrows, Mary Normandin spent 5,000 hours painting landscapes on the heads of four pins.

The Tender Trap. In Boston, a classified advertisement in the *Herald* said: "COLLEGE GIRL, Resident of Boston, available Friday or Sat. evens., to chatter in consequentially to semi-invalid man with poor eyesight . . ."

Wayward Bus Boy. In Boston another classified ad in the *Herald* called attention to a "BUS BOY, sober, wants work. Conscientious, rapid, accurate, honest, neat. Talk with Para-Psychologist. Like work—Cycle, Worked Sky-View Restaurant . . . Discharged for eating pie, ice cream . . ."

Advance Proof. In San Antonio, when a bandit showed him a card that said "Hand over all the money or I'll kill you," Adolph de la Pena, manager of a branch office of the San Antonio Savings & Loan Association and author of a forthcoming booklet called *What to Do When Robbed*, handed the crook \$1,200 cash, stood quietly as the bandit left.



"I want security—right now!"

Adequate security for the family right now, as well as sufficient funds for current needs is the desire of every husband.

By insuring your family adequately at less cost, you can have more money available for the needs of a growing family when it means the most.

The BMA FAMILY PLAN provides this security. It insures the whole family, including future arrivals, combining protection and savings in one policy—one premium. For example, at age 25, one premium of \$16.00 a month would provide \$10,000 life insurance for you and include the entire family in the policy for smaller amounts of insurance.

BMA is well known for its wide range of personal insurance plans—designed to include all the protection you need—life insurance, accident and health, hospitalization, major medical expense, education plans for your children, mortgage protection, retirement benefits and combined plans.

For security right now, consult your BMA man today. Ask him for a FREE copy of the BMA checkchart, "A Look Into Your Future", or write to BMA.

Mr. Employer: Find out how you can help your employees with BMA Group and Salary Savings plans. For complete information, without obligation, send a card today to



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SPORT

Brown of the Browns

At midseason 1958, a big (6 ft. 2 in., 228 lbs.) Negro fullback named James Nathaniel Brown of the Cleveland Browns is the most spectacular professional football player in the U.S. With the twelve-game season only half gone, Jimmy Brown, 22, is already within a whisker of topping the all-time pro records for touchdowns (18) and total rushing yardage (1,146) set by Philadelphia's Steve Van Buren in the 1940s. In six games Brown has piled up 15 touchdowns, gained 928 yards, been the prime mover in the Cleveland Browns' try for their eighth division championship in nine years.

The Test. Brown has tremendous power, is also the fastest man on the team. The combination is devastating. Most fullbacks are short-yardage power specialists, but Jimmy has roared off on touchdown gallops of 23, 38, 41, 48, 59 and 62 yards this season. He explodes from a standing start at top speed, follows his interference to the line of scrimmage, then picks a hole and takes off, running over everything in his way.

Even his rival pros, who have cut down many a college star to size, speak of him with a respect that borders on awe. "He's the only player I know who can run faster sideways than he can straight ahead," says Pittsburgh's guard Dale Dodrill. Says the Steelers' speedy defensive halfback Jack Butler: "I don't really know how to stop him. I haven't been able to catch up to him yet." Los Angeles Linebacker Dick Daugherty, one of the surest tacklers in football, recalls the day last year that he zeroed in on Brown for a tackle: "I really hit him hard—bounced him back. It would have stopped anyone else, but not Jimmy. He took off again to the right and ran 70 yards to a touchdown as if nothing had happened." One-time Philadelphia Coach Earle ("Greasy") Neale says: "He's the best back in the history of pro football."

The Record. The son of a sometime professional fighter, Jimmy attended Manhasset High School on Long Island, averaged 14.9 yards a try as a senior halfback, 38 points a game for the basketball team, set a school high-jump record (6 ft. 3 in.), pitched and played first base for the baseball team. After sitting 45 scholarship offers, he chose Syracuse, majored in sociology, put on a spectacular one-man show in the 1957 Cotton Bowl by scoring three touchdowns, booting three conversions against Texas Christian in a 28-27 losing cause.

Cleveland's Coach Paul Brown grabbed Jimmy in the draft, built a new ground offense around Brown. Last year Jimmy led the league in ground-gaining, was runaway choice for rookie of the year. This year, with Rookie Speedster Bobby Mitchell operating at halfback to keep the defense spread to cover an outside threat, Cleveland has the best ground game the pro league has seen in years.



Ray Matiso—Cleveland Plain Dealer
BROWNS' BROWN
Best in history?

Last week Fullback Brown came face to face with the New York Giants, best defensive team in the league.

In the second quarter, Brown plowed off left tackle, seemed hopelessly buried in a cloud of Giant defenders, then suddenly squirted free and outfooted the secondary to race 58 yards to a touchdown. But the Giants ganged up on Jimmy after that, held him to only 113 yards rushing (vs. an average 163 a game to date), considered their afternoon's labor well spent as they upset the Browns 21-17.

One-Man Show

College football's closest counterpart to Cleveland's Jimmy Brown is Richard Lee Bass, 189-lb. Negro halfback from little (enrollment: 1,670) College of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif. Playing his first full season without crippling injuries, Dick Bass has performed the considerable feat of becoming football's leading ground-gainer on a team that gives him little real blocking, has gained 700 yds. in six games (Pacific lost three of them). Last week as C.O.P. lost to Boston College 25-12, Bass returned the opening kickoff 72 yds., would have scored had not an official got in his way. Later he danced and squirmed his way to C.O.P.'s two touchdowns on runs of 6 and 7 yds., ran 29 yds. and passed 20 for two more ostensible scores only to have them called back by penalties.

Among the larger football powers, TIME's Top Ten:

1) **Iowa** (5-0-1)—held even as late as the third quarter by Michigan, erupted late for a 37-14 victory.

2) **Oklahoma** (5-1)—impressive in whipping unbeaten Colorado 23-7.

3) **Louisiana State** (7-0)—dumped unbeaten Mississippi 14-0.

4) **Wisconsin** (4-1-1)—held off aroused Michigan State to win 9-7.

5) **Northwestern** (5-1)—used Quarterback Dick Thornton's passing (122 yds.) and running (73 yds.) to stun Ohio State 21-0.

6) **Army** (5-0-1)—ran all over hapless Colgate 68-6.

7) **Ohio State** (4-1-1)—had its powerful running game bottled up by Northwestern.

8) **Purdue** (5-1)—better every week, routed Illinois 31-8.

9) **Pittsburgh** (4-2-1)—worn down by a rugged schedule, was edged by Syracuse 16-13.

10) **Auburn** (5-0-1)—still unbeaten after another close one, 6-5 over Florida.

Unhung and Unemployed

Leo Leavitt is the kind of promoter who gives U.S. promoters a bad name. Stocky, brash and 53, Leo blew into Australia proclaiming: "I am the world's greatest promoter." Representing Western Promotions of San Francisco, he promptly made headlines by offering Aussie Miller Herb Elliott a fantastic \$250,000 to turn pro. Elliott considered for five weeks, then refused. Leavitt turned truculent. He hinted darkly that he had a tape of a telephone conversation with Miller Elliott (that could ruin his amateur standing). Trumpeted Leavitt: "I have one question to ask Elliott. If he doesn't give the right answer, he will never run again as an amateur. Nobody pushes people like Leo Leavitt around."

At a series of raucous cocktail-lounge press conferences in Sydney, Leo downed double Scotches, tickled giggling waitresses, and made wildly conflicting statements about Elliott ("He's a sonofabitch . . . I love the guy"). He pursued Elliott to Melbourne, on arrival handed newsmen a classically misspelled statement. It attacked the "imbercles" who had pictured him as a "charlton," whined: "Am I to be sacrificed on the altar of prejudice?"

By this time Australians were increasingly suspicious that Leavitt's antics were chiefly designed to publicize another Western Promotions venture—the tour of "Goose" Tatum's basketball team, the Harlem Trotters. But the first Trotter game drew only 1,200 fans to Sydney's White City Stadium (capacity: 7,000). Leo bawled into the microphone: "If what I've done is a crime, then hang me!" Fans hooted back: "Take your checkbook and go home to America!" Western Promotions forthwith announced that they had had enough of Leo.

Leo scarcely broke stride. "A dirty deal," he cried to one newsmen, and threatened to back up his complaint by playing his much-publicized tape. "People may want to make a sacred cow out of this boy Elliott, but they'll want to hang him, yessir, hang him, when I tell the true story on this deal." But at week's end Leo made plans to leave Australia. The tape, he explained lamely, was in Tokyo, "so how could I play it here?"



**This shipload of iron ore is just one day's supply
for the nation's largest steel plant**

At our own deepwater docks Bethlehem's Sparrows Point Plant receives huge quantities of iron ore, coal and other materials. And from its strategic tidewater location just southeast of Baltimore, steel flows to the Eastern Seaboard, and to Gulf, Pacific, and overseas ports.

This plant has an annual capacity of 8,200,000 tons of steel ingots. That's sufficient steel to make more than 2½ million automobiles and enough left over for millions of such useful products as refrigerators, kitchen ranges, and air conditioners.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



THE PRESS



For colds, if you take aspirin or buffered aspirin, two aspirin tablets are more effective than one as a pain reliever.

Better still is one aspirin and one Coldene Tablet. This combination gives pain relief plus relief for other miseries as well.

But—for fast, sure relief—for feelable relief in minutes from the symptoms of a cold, take two Coldene Tablets every 3 hours.

Coldene Tablets...1. decongest nose-sinus area, give effective relief from sneezes, sniffles, stuffy nose...2. help ease raw and irritated throat membranes...3. are the first non-narcotic cold tablets that relieve a cough...4. calm that tiring, ache-all-over feeling...5. get into the blood-stream fast.

Ask your pharmacist to examine the Coldene Tablet prescription printed on each bottle and carton. He'll tell you Coldene is powerful, fast, effective.

feelable relief in minutes

with



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Pharma-Craft Corp.

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Charity Begins . . .

Three years ago the tycoon-hating Washington Post and Times Herald, enraged by the way Washington's transit company board chairman, Financier Louis E. Wolfson, was running the buses and streetcars, said so in three editorials. Sample: "His tactics, indeed the whole Wolfson operation of a once-sound company, have been a hark-back to the robber baron days of the last century." Financier Wolfson promptly sued for \$30 million. The Post was unabashed: "We shall continue to exercise our full right to criticize him."

Last week, in a humbler mood, the Post ran another editorial about Tycoon Wolfson. Asserting that it was doing so to avoid expensive and protracted litigation, the paper announced it was contributing \$25,000 to a Wolfson charity, the Baptist Memorial Hospital in Jacksonville. "On his part," said the Post, "Mr. Wolfson is withdrawing the suit without any payment to him."

Mincing a Dead Horse

During the 3½ years that William K. Zinsser reviewed films for the New York Herald Tribune, he habitually criticized the movies with a boldness commendable but rare in his breed. If Zinsser thought a movie was poor, he said so. A *Farewell to Arms* was, in his view, "vulgar to the point of nausea." He found *South Pacific* to be "arty and distracting." Ten days after this last comment ran in the *Herald Tribune*, the disrespectful Zinsser was no longer reviewing movies; he was writing editorials.

In his new book, *Seen Any Good Movies Lately?* (Doubleday; \$3.75), ex-Critic Zinsser takes up in general terms the question that has had New York newsmen buzzing for weeks: Was Bill Zinsser kicked upstairs because of pressure from advertisers? "It is generally assumed in New York motion picture circles," Zinsser writes, "that a movie studio can soften an adverse review—in advance—by bringing pressure on a newspaper. Unhappily, there is some truth in this belief." He insists that no such pressure dislodged him, says that he asked to be relieved. But he notes that his removal coincided with a new *Herald Tribune* policy of leniency towards Hollywood, and the installation of a crew of Zinsser successors of such benevolence that their critical hearts tend to melt at the movies.

Jelly & Gee Whiz. Zinsser's is not the only discerning voice that has been diverted in New York, once considered a reviewer's citadel impregnable to siege. Justin Gilbert of the *Mirror* has been under tacit order since 1956 to pull his punches, a mandate he finds painful to obey. Last August, after a mildly unfavorable Gilbert review of *The Hunters*, a story of jet bomber crews, 20th Century-Fox Vice President Charles Einfeld fired off a cable to *Mirror* Publisher Charles McCabe, who was vacationing in Rome.

In it he expressed "shocked regret shabby dismissal of our very important patriotic film"—a sentiment which, Einfeld pointedly went on to say, took no regard of "extensive advertising campaign in *Mirror* including two full three-quarter pages over and above regular space." McCabe did not answer the cable.

Outside New York, many newspapers have long since been softened to critical jelly by such threats and/or reprisals from producers and exhibitors. The tone of a review in the trade papers bears a remarkable relationship to advertising volume. Among the daily Los Angeles press,



Caroline Zinsser

EX-CRITIC ZINSSER

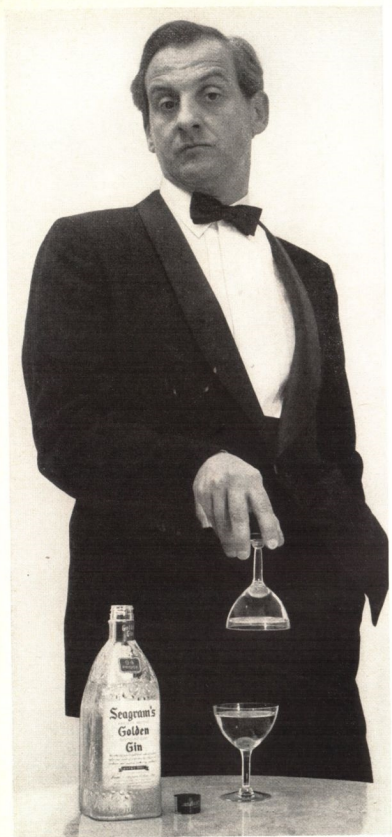
Caught in a flood of tasteless treacle.

only the loftily independent *Times* Reviewer Philip K. Scheuer bucks a tendency among movie reviewers to play the role of "gee whiz" movie fans rather than movie judges.

"Submerged Pressure." Even when no pressure is applied, the reviewer senses it. "There is a submerged pressure," says one Texas movie reviewer. Says another in Denver: "Everyone who writes reviews knows what has happened to other reviewers. There is always an implied threat."

Ironically, Hollywood may be mincing a dead horse. As a journalistic form, the movie review has descended to the level of the pressagent's blurb—a blurb commonly reprinted by newspapers too idle or strapped to staff a reviewer. A few perceptive, readable critics are still at critical work. But many papers leave the job to worn-out deskmen, middle-aged ladies (the *New York Daily News* has three) or unqualified cubs, or else, like the *Des Moines Tribune*, spread it through the city room, at \$3 a review.

In tireless pursuit of mediocrity and



Any gin
dry-er
simply
wouldn't
pour!

If you are like a good many martini makers, you have probably sampled a number of gins in search of that summum bonum, the utterly dry martini. Yet, in all likelihood, your martinis are still quite damp. To you, therefore, we suggest Seagram's Golden Gin. Barometrically speaking, you may at first observe very little difference. Tastewise, however, the improvement is beatific.

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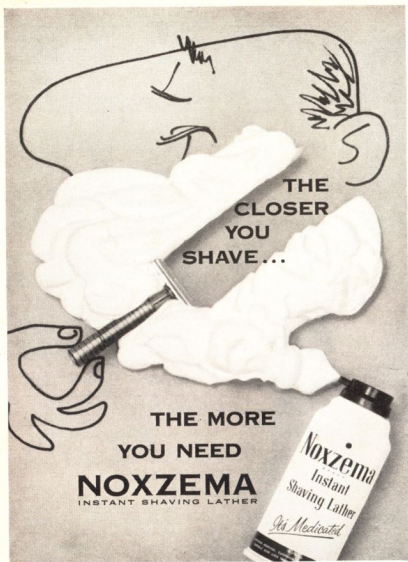
We suggest that the next time you make martinis, you introduce this gloriously dry, unruffled spirit to a modest whiff of vermouth. We assure you, the result will be *ah-inspiring*.

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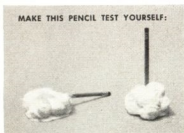
TIME, NOVEMBER 10, 1958



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NOXZEMA LATHER holds up whiskers as it does this pencil. Extra-rich. No skin irritation—even when you shave close.

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unreadability, the nation's run-of-the-film movie critics have transformed themselves into a group dispensary of tasteless, colorless and odorless critical treacle, ignored on a wholesale basis by the moviegoer, sampled only by the movie industry itself, which is merely vigilant for any sign of recalcitrant tartness. The New York Film Critics met recently to wring hands over the cases of Zinsser and Gilbert, deplored industry pressure for two hours, and adjourned. "Nothing was done by the critics," wrote New York *Post* Critic Archer Winsten with some bitterness, "and nothing will be done."

The "Ankara Hilton"

The food is wretched, the beds are lumpy and the place has no central heating. But to Turkey's top newsmen, a stay at the "Ankara Hilton" has become a matter of personal and professional pride. Reason: the wryly nicknamed "Ankara Hilton" is the special bullpen in Ankara's Central Prison for newsmen who have dared to criticize the government of Turkey's Premier Adnan Menderes.

One of the West's staunchest friends, Strongman Menderes will have little to do with the Western institution of the free press. For the first four years of his administration, relations between government and press were good. Shortly after the 1954 elections the opposition press became bitingly critical, and the administration began to strike back. Sweeping Menderes-backed laws can check a newsman into the "Ankara Hilton" for any story that lessens the public's regard for the Premier or his administration.

Last week the Ankara Court of Appeals upheld jail sentences for five more newsmen, including Managing Editor Nihat Subasi of the daily Ankara *Ulus*, official organ of the opposition Republican People's Party, and Managing Editor Tarik Halulu of the weekly newsmagazine *Akis*. Since the first press-gag law was passed in 1954, a score of newsmen have been imprisoned for crimes ranging from criticism of Menderes' financial policies to the suggestion that the Premier married for money. What is more, Menderes has suspended publication of *Akis*, has even dared to close down *Ulus*, the newspaper founded by the revered Kemal Ataturk.

Despite these drastic efforts (plus the fact that he allocates all newsprint and advertising), Menderes has not broken the press to his harness. He can still pick up a Turkish paper or magazine almost any day and spot something that sets him to boiling.

Queen of the Corps

Her technique is all her own. Pert and comely, she sits quietly in meetings and hearing rooms, watching gestures, listening to sounds, painting mental pictures. She writes swiftly and well, turns out some of the most perceptive, pungent copy in Washington, D.C. Says U.P.I. Bureau Chief Lyle Wilson of the Washington *Star*'s Mary McGrory: "Mary is the tops—the best I've ever seen. Her

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REPORTER MARY MCGRORY & SOURCE*

Tammy Weber

Suddenly they wanted to marry her, poison her, run her out of town.

stuff stands up next day; it has survival value."

This week, in a neat black suit and chier velvet coat, Reporter Mary McGrory finished a survey of political races in New England and New York. As always, her copy twinkled brightly in the *Star* (circ. 266,414). In her home town of Boston, she watched the pols stand "cigar-to-cigar" to cheer Mr. Truman; in New York she noted that ardent Campaigner Nelson Rockefeller "plunges into a crowd as into a warm bath," and referred to Rockefeller and Governor Averell Harriman as "two millionaires tramping the streets begging for work." Reading her stories, Political Reporter Carroll Kilpatrick of the rival *Washington Post* and *Times Herald* wired Mary: IN THE INTEREST OF MY FELLOW STUMBLEBUMS, I IMPORE YOU TO STOP WRITING. SHAMEFACEDLY YOURS.

Pictures in Writing. To Washington Correspondent James ("Scotty") Reston of the *New York Times*, Mary McGrory's "poet's gift of analogy" is a thing that puts her in a special class, and is one reason that he has tried to hire her. Mary's copy stands out against her rivals' because she has what one colleague calls the ability to "write pictures" of what she sees and hears. "I have very few opinions, but powerful impressions," she says. "I'm poor at summary, significance, relating—all I can do is respond."

Politics has attracted Mary since her girlhood in Boston ("You heard politics from the time you were five"). She graduated from Boston's Roman Catholic Emmanuel College in 1939 with a B.A. in English ("no honors"), got a job cropping pictures for Houghton Mifflin Co. at \$16.50 a week. In 1942 she went to work for the *Boston Herald* as a secretary, wrote an occasional book review so well that she was hired for the book page of the *Star* in 1947. Mary liked books (she still does

some reviewing), but the city room fascinated her. In 1954 the *Star's* Executive Editor Newbold Noyes Jr. busted her off to help cover the Army-McCarthy hearings. Advised Noyes: "Write it like a letter to your favorite aunt."

An Eyeful for Auntie. Auntie got an eyeful. Army Secretary Stevens looked "about as dangerous as an eagle scout leading his first patrol." Roy Cohn "looks like a boy who has had a letter sent home from school about him, and has come back with his elders to get the thing straightened out." As for the duel between McCarthy and Army Counsel Joseph Welch, "Mr. Welch proceeds at the measured pace of the minuet, with frequent, courtly bows. Senator McCarthy favors the tarantella, moving almost faster than the human eye can follow."

"All of a sudden," recalls Mary, "people wanted to adopt me, marry me, poison me, run me out of town." Ever since, she has been covering history-in-the-making with warmth and wit. With Senator Kefauver in the 1956 presidential campaign: "Unlike Mr. Stevenson, who persists in regarding the campaign speech as an art form, Senator Kefauver still obviously believes that the road to the White House is paved with pressed palms." At this summer's Adams-Goldfine hearings: "Better you should ask a bear to dance than Mr. Goldfine to unravel personally this business of misbranded fabrics."

Mary McGrory, 40, lives quietly in an apartment on her \$160-a-week salary (plus \$20-\$30 a week for book reviews), spends her free Sundays singing and talking to children at Washington's St. Ann's Orphanage, who call her "Mary Agloria." She turns her warm wit on herself to find an explanation for the fact that she has never married: "I guess the men think the best thing about me is my writing."

* Tammany Chief Carmine De Sapio.



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Aluminum wall panels in a wide variety of colors resist weather . . . never need painting

How aluminum can help solve America's classroom shortage in a hurry

"... shortage of instruction rooms in the fall of 1958 could be approximately 132,800," says U.S. Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare.

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By using this technique, one manufacturer estimates construction time of a 24-room school can be cut by months. What's more—corrosion-resistant aluminum can't rust or rot, can be permanently colored . . . and

will continue to save maintenance money for the life of the building.

Result—more and more architects and builders are turning to light, strong, aluminum wall panels—not only for schools—but for office buildings, homes, factories and farms. A new alloy recently introduced by Aluminium Limited makes possible even stronger structural applications of aluminum at less cost. Experts predict U.S. use of aluminum for building will increase by 50% in the next ten years.

Many of the businessmen who make aluminum building products depend on Aluminium Limited in Canada for an important part of the ingot essential to their operations now and in the years to come.



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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The Marriage-Go-Round (by Leslie Stevens) has three strings to its bow: Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer and Julie Newmar. With their help, one of the season's crudest commodities may well become one of its most solid hits.

Actress Colbert and Actor Boyer play a happily married middle-aged couple—she a dean of women, he a professor of anthropology—in a small college town. At opposite ends of the stage they give cutey-cute lectures on marriage which, on a midstage merry-go-round-like set, they



John Engstede

BOYER & COLBERT IN "GO-ROUND"

Three bright strings on a tow-dry bow.

themselves help illustrate. As *The Marriage-Go-Round's* third or G-string, Actress Newmar plays an amply built Swedish blonde who, from out the whole world, has chosen Boyer to give her a child. Her body, she informs him, "is primed in readiness," nor is her use or adornment of it ever marred by reticence. While Colbert, who knows what's up, waits and wonders and attempts to act wise, Boyer first laughs off, then warns off, then fights off his Viking admirer, and then almost succumbs.

Of all plays, modern or ancient, *The Marriage-Go-Round* may well be the least given to digression. Here are sex and marriage, marriage and sex, with never a servant to interrupt, or a caller to intrude, or a child to compete; with not a moment's domestic small talk or campus chatter. So much single-mindedness, so many double meanings have a way—despite occasionally funny lines—of seeming both tedious and tawdry. Where *The Marriage-Go-Round* is not a Junoesque strip-tease on Actress Newmar's part, it becomes an attempted script-save on Colbert's and Boyer's. Their manner of saving it is to throw away as much of it as possible. What they give instead is an illustrated

lecture—on the art of timing, of diversionary tactics, of seeming to fondle dialogue while carefully holding it at arm's length. Even they cannot too often succeed; and in any case there must, for two such delightful performers, be infinitely more profitable roles.

The Man in the Dog Suit (by Albert Beich and William H. Wright; based on Edwin Corle's novel) originally wore it to a costume party. Normally a man with a mouse manner, he works in his wife's family bank and quails before the Babbits and snobs and stuffed shirts in his wife's family. Then, all at once, he takes to wearing the dog suit as he chooses and begins to act out his daydreams. One time he bites a lady, another time a banker; he scandalizes the depositors, horrifies the in-laws he hates, disturbs the wife he loves. Suddenly the bank bids him choose: "The desk or the dog suit!"

As a stage piece, *The Man in the Dog Suit* is not without virtues. Hume Cronyn brings to the title role the sort of skill that can dramatize a problem and humanize a scene, and Jessica Tandy is engaging as the wife. Some of their scenes together flash with intensity as well as theater; Carmen Mathews has a funny interlude as a drunk; scattered moments are touching or sharp. But the man in the dog suit is the same man who has wooed conformity to win security, who has shaken with fright and then shaken himself free, in a dozen earlier tales. Every in-law who is not a mere caricature is a safe cliché; every point is made twice; realistic satire keeps dwindling into formula or crashing into farce. And in his way of finally rebelling against the bank, the hero is really succumbing to popular theater. What the authors should have remembered to chant each time they settled down to work was, "The desk and the dog suit"—the satiric pen in a more adventurous hand.

Potato (adapted by Irwin Shaw from the French of Marcel Achard) was a big Paris hit, though nothing in the quickly folding Broadway version seemed to link it with Paris at all. It is a tale of two men, a heel who has grown rich and his down-at-heel *potato* or fall guy. When Patate learns that the heel has become his adopted daughter's lover, he at last has a chance to even up the score; but as top dog, he proves the worst flop of all.

In *Potato* on Broadway, France and the U.S. succeeded in rubbing elbows with a spectacular avoidance of funnybones. Jokes congealed, situations evaporated; Tom Ewell, as Patate, gamely struggled and sank. Perhaps more things were involved than just differing national brands of humor: matters of language and production, the speed at which light comedy travels, the split second in which a fleeting fancy can be trapped. Whatever the cause, the fun of *Potato* remained incommunicado throughout.

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*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Strong Base

Underlining the strength of the nation's business recovery last week was a Department of Commerce report on manufacturers' new orders, the key to future industrial output. Orders rose more than seasonally in September, and for the first time exceeded a comparable 1957 month.

Manufacturers' sales, especially durables, were still slowed down by new model changes and by cautious buying for inventories by distributors and retailers. But with retail sales on the rise, merchants expected the gap between increased manufacturers' new orders and sales to be only temporary (see chart). Other recovery items:

Construction contracts in September rose 26% over September 1957, to a new monthly high, reported F. W. Dodge Corp., indicating a rising level of building activity in the months ahead.

U.S. copper output was raised 36%, with Kennecott mines going on a seven-day week to meet the growing recovery demand and offset the shortage caused by strikes in U.S., Rhodesia, Canada. The price rose to a 20-month high of 31.3¢ on the London market.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, after paying its first dividend this year, canceled a 10¢ pay cut for its 633 officials earning above \$10,000 yearly. The line also gave a 10¢ pay hike to nonunion workers making less than \$10,000, plus an 8¢ hourly boost to all union workers.

Detroit was back on a six-day week to

make up time lost by strikes, and some automakers expected to work at peak output for at least three months. Output this week is scheduled at 107,000 cars, highest of the year. Ford has already sold 100,000 new models, more than 10% of its 1958 model sales. Plymouth is 100,000 cars behind dealer orders. Chevrolet will not be able to catch up on orders for at least two months. American Motors Corp. broke all its previous production records, has nudged out Pontiac to become No. 6 carmaker with 159,000 cars produced so far this year.

Up 25%

The economists and businessmen who gathered this week at the University of Michigan's annual economic-outlook conference took a rosy look into 1959. After making a study of 110 big U.S. corporations, speakers predicted that 1959 corporate earnings will run 25% above 1958. Said Research Director Edmund Mennis of Philadelphia's Wellington Fund: "The industries hardest hit by the 1958 recession (autos, textiles, steels, chemicals, metals, machinery and rubber) are expected to have the sharpest recovery."

Last week 1958 third-quarter corporate earnings reports continued encouraging. Though General Motors reported earnings of 22¢ a share, v. 43¢ in the third quarter last year, the only one of the Big Three to show a profit, many another company cleared more than in 1957—often by venturing into new fields that added to their earning power. Merck & Co., pushing new drugs and chemical processes, raised its earnings to \$7.1 million, v. \$5.9 in last year's third quarter. National Steel, the nation's fifth-largest steel company, pushed its earnings to \$10.9 million from \$8 million in the same period last year. In the textile industry, Celanese Corp. raised its net to \$4.4 million from \$2.9 million, American Viscose lifted its net to \$2.5 million from \$1.3 million.

Brightest earnings of all were reported by Chicago's Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., which started out as a manufacturer of pool tables and later bowling alleys. It has diversified under President B. E. ("Ted") Bensinger, great-grandson of John M. Brunswick, the Swiss immigrant cabinetmaker who founded the company. In the Korean war the company jumped into airplane radomes and other Fiberglas and plastic shapes, and in 1953 invaded the school-furniture business. Last week, as a result of such triple playing, plus a fast-selling automatic pin setter for bowling, the company reported third-quarter earnings of \$4.31 a share, almost double the same quarter last year.

Boost for Color TV

Justice Department trustbusters and Radio Corporation of America executives heaved a sigh of relief last week. The department won what Attorney General William Rogers said was one of its "most



Marvin Komer—FORTUNE

RCA'S BURNS
A gamble in a pool.

important antitrust cases." Said RCA Legal Vice President Robert L. Werner: "We made a good settlement."

In a sweeping civil consent decree in one of the biggest Eisenhower Administration Sherman Act suits to date, RCA agreed to 1) put some 100 color TV patents into a royalty-free pool, 2) make available to all comers on a royalty-free basis at least 12,000 other existing radio-TV patents, 3) license all new patents during the next ten years at a "reasonable" royalty rate. The Justice Department also won a criminal case against RCA. U.S. District Court Judge John F. X. McGohery in Manhattan fined RCA \$100,000 when the company pleaded *nolo contendere* to a four-count criminal indictment on monopoly charges.

At the heart of the civil consent decree was tacit and sympathetic recognition by the Justice Department that dear to RCA is the development of color TV, in which the corporation has invested \$130 million to date. In early negotiations RCA's Board Chairman David Sarnoff fought hard to keep complete patent power over his multichrome pet.

Then RCA President John L. Burns sat in on the negotiations. In what the department considers "a stroke of industrial statesmanship," an agreement was reached on a color TV patent pool.

The trustbusters agreed with Burns's reasoning that a pool would serve to spur color experimentation, foster industry-wide cooperation, yet still not place RCA at a competitive disadvantage. Before color TV will be a success, say commercial manufacturers, a better and cheaper way must be found to make sets. Said a trustbuster: "The pool is an RCA gamble to open up the field."



INDUSTRY

The Electronic Pygmy

In the auto industry, one of the biggest problems is the long lead time needed to bring out new models. Because it takes at least 15 months to make the tools and dies needed for a new car, the designer must decide what the public is going to want nearly two years before the car actually comes out. For this reason designers often get caught with their plans down; there was little they could do about the revolt against chrome—and the demand for a small car.

Last week General Motors and Ford were experimenting with a radical new electronic machine to make dies that would drastically cut the lead time, make it possible to turn out dies in as short a time as six months. The automakers, who will make up their minds on the new process in the next two months, have privately indicated they will adopt it. If they do, they will be able to keep right up with changing consumer taste.

The machine that is causing all the excitement among the giants is put out by the pygmy-sized (104 employees) Elox Corp. of Royal Oak, Mich. It will bring, said a Ford tool expert, not only a change in carmaking but a "quiet revolution in the metal workings trades." Elox (for "electrical oxidation") machines not only make the machining of metal faster and cheaper, but they enable U.S. industry to do jobs it has never done before. Said Jerry Cornwell, purchasing agent for Avco's Lycoming Division, a prime missile contractor: "We're doing things that just couldn't be done without Elox equipment."

The Electric Way. Traditionally, dies and similar metal products have been made by the slow process of grinding away the metal to fit a pattern. Using the Elox method, a die shape can be formed first in wood or plaster, then sprayed with a soft metal. When the metal hardens, it is used as an electrode, i.e., conducts the electric current. When the electrode is placed close to a piece of metal and the current applied, the metal is vaporized to the same shape as the electrode pattern. With this process the hardest metals have been shaped as easily as cast iron, and the machines are automatic, e.g., one run unattended for 72 hours while it shaped a high-speed rotor for the Argonne atomic laboratory.

While the principles of electrical-discharge machining are not new, many of the developments of Elox are. The company was founded during World War II, but was doing badly until John S. Larkins, 40, an Iowa State graduate engineer, took over. He had become interested after he purchased one of the machines for a business he was running, began buying the company patents with \$5,000 in 1950. At the time, Elox machines were being used only to salvage engine blocks, and similar parts. The process was too crude to be used in other machine work, so Larkins worked to develop the process, refined it to the point where he could machine



ELOX'S LARKINS
A bet on a current.

metals to millionths of an inch in accuracy.

Up from the Alley. By plowing back money into research, Elox has grown from a back-alley business with sales of \$194,563 in 1951 to a gross of \$2,260,000 last year and earnings of \$158,874. With a 90-day backlog of orders, the company expects to boost both gross and net in its current fiscal year.

The secret of Elox's success is its complicated electronic controls (using hundreds of condenser tubes) and its ability to tackle new projects. Larkins has kept the company small and flexible by making only the controls, subcontracting the work of making the machines to other

companies. Some sell for as little as \$8,500, range as high as \$200,000. Larkins is constantly taking on new jobs. When the Portland (Me.) Copper & Tank Works needed a machine that would rapidly drill 160 evenly spaced holes in different parts, yet assure their exact alignment in the afterburner of a General Electric J-79 jet engine, the company called on Elox. They worked out a machine, an eight-headed monster that can quickly and automatically drill dozens of combinations of holes. Said Engineer Clifford B. Smith of Portland Copper & Tank: "Elox's limits are only the limits of an engineer's imagination."

AVIATION

United Front

The six biggest U.S. airlines, threatened by labor troubles with the International Association of Machinists and other unions, this week agreed on a united front to battle the unions. The pact, the first of its kind in U.S. industry, was spurred by a strike of the Machinists, which shut down Capital Airlines over demands for an hourly raise of 4¢. The Machinists have also threatened to strike Trans World Airlines and Eastern. All six airlines—American, Capital, Eastern, Pan American, T.W.A., United—have agreed to put on extra flights along routes they also serve to take care of the passengers of any struck line. The lines plan to make no profit on the overflow traffic. They will turn over all earnings, after taking out operating expenses, to the strikebound line. The pact's major immediate effect: competitors United, American, Eastern, T.W.A. will give Capital enough funds to cover its \$50,000-a-day loss in operating revenue. But if CAB disapproves the agreement, Capital will have to return the handouts.

TIME CLOCK

CHRISTMAS CLUBS will pay record \$1.3 billion, 3% more than 1957, to 13 million members through 7,900 banks and savings and loan associations. Top saving states: New York \$281.8 million, Pennsylvania \$184 million, New Jersey \$144.8 million.

VANISHING RAIL COACHES may be stockpiled by worried Pentagon, which needs at least 1,047 for troop transport in case of war. With railroads scrapping passenger cars (present total: 10,262) three times faster than they buy new ones, Pentagon hopes to lease old coaches, keep them on sidings for emergency use.

CREDIT-CARD REVOLT against 7% commission paid to credit organizations will be led by National Restaurant Association. Members protest that commissions are forcing price rises that hurt business. Restaurant Association is considering issuing own credit cards, charging members only 3½% commission.

MOVIEMAKER LOEW'S INC. will spin off theater and radio operations in new company. Management was up against antitrust order to separate film and theater business by August 1959, has won fight against minority group of directors who want to spin off troubled M-G-M film-maker. M-G-M will stay in parent firm.

TOUGHER PILOT CHECK by the CAA will mean more surprise inspections of airlines' blind-flying skill. Latest check: Northeast Airlines pilots, involved in three fatal crashes in bad weather in 21 months. Of first 95 Northeast pilots tested for instrument flying, five failed.

UPJOHN CO., only privately owned ethical drug company among top five U.S. drug houses, will end 72-year family ownership to become publicly held firm. Upjohn plans to give present stockholders 25 shares in new firm for each one held in old, with option to sell shares publicly.

PHONY PRICE-CUTTING

Threat to Advertising Confidence

COMBINATION refrigerator-freezer. Regularly \$449.50. Now only \$349.95.* Such price-cutting ads, often phony, are among the fastest spreading evils of U.S. merchandising. Once only fly-by-nighters in dingy back streets offered fake bargains. Today, in trying to keep up with the discount houses, even old established merchants resort to price trickery. The problem is so bad that the Federal Trade Commission last month came out with a nine-point "Guides Against Deceptive Pricing," aimed at getting merchants and manufacturers to cooperate to force more honesty back into price advertising. Unless something is done, FTC Chairman John Gwynne told Manhattan's Radio and Television Executives Society, retailers may wake up to find they have "destroyed the confidence of the buying public in all advertising."

While the evil of fake price-cutting has spread into virtually every merchandising field, the FTC and Better Business Bureau say that the practice is the worst on sales of refrigerators, stoves, television sets, mattresses and other household goods. Chicago's Better Business Bureau recently checked 23 claims of bargains, found in all cases that the presale prices were fictitious. Most of the bargains sold for less or the same in other stores. A \$289.95 advertised list TV set, for example, was "on sale" at \$249.95 but could be bought elsewhere at \$215.

Since customers are becoming increasingly suspicious of a store's cut-price tags, many a merchant and manufacturer have joined up in a new scheme to fool the customer by promoting a "manufacturer's list price." The manufacturer advertises a "suggested retail price," which is much higher than he expects the retailer to charge, tickets his merchandise or stamps the delivery carton with the inflated price. The retailer can then drastically cut the price, show the customer the price stamped on the original carton as proof of a huge bargain. One lawnmower manufacturer advertised last spring in a trade publication that his power mowers, which he priced in ads at \$154.95, could be sold at \$74.95—and the retailer would make the usual profit. A watchmaker preticketed a lady's wristwatch at \$200, a Detroit store sold the watch for \$17.00. A blanket manufacturer offered retailers \$24.95-list blankets that a retailer sold at \$14.95; comparative shopping showed that they were not worth \$10.00. One major mattress maker now gives his retailers

a choice of three different list prices to be seen to the ticking. Which preticket the merchant chooses depends on 1) what sales price he plans to ask, 2) how big a reduction he thinks his customers will swallow.

The blame for such tricky practices does not all lie on retailers. Everybody is a little at fault. Says Chicago B.B.B. Vice President Aubra Johnston: "The customer wants to think he drove a hard bargain. The retailer helps him kid himself. And the retailer and the manufacturer get together to back up their inflated price." Many a merchant blames his competitors, says he would like to stop, "but I have to do it to stay in business." In rare instances, store executives are hoodwinked by their own buyers. One San Francisco department store found its buyer offering ladies' wool coats at "\$14.99, formerly \$19.95 to \$25.95." It turned out that every other store regularly sold them at \$14.99. The buyer's excuse: he wanted to make his department look good.

More and more customers are becoming suspicious of price cuts. A study by Pittsburgh's Duquesne University shows that buyers strongly suspect claims of price cuts above 27.5%. Polks, a large Chicago discount house, recently got a shipment of \$49.95 record players that really had listed for that. But when it put them on sale at \$18, it made no mention of the old price because: "the comparison would not have been believed." As a result, many stores are changing sales tactics. The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit's top department store, no longer allows "was-is" advertising in its newspaper or house displays; instead, it insists on such low-key language as "on sale" or "specially priced." Downtown stores in Chicago, Milwaukee and Indianapolis have agreed to stop advertising comparative prices on mattresses.

In all this, nobody is aiming at the real bargain, such as the genuine month-end clearance, the special purchase, distress merchandise, the end-of-the-season markdown of broken lots. But what the FTC, the Better Business Bureau and merchandising groups (such as the National Retail Merchants Association) want to end are the phony price-cuts. The merchants, many of whom have prodded the FTC to get tougher, feel that if they do not voluntarily police their industry, Congress will step in and do it for them—just as the Monroey law outlawed phony price-packing by auto dealers.

Too Much Competition

Pan American World Airways last week discharged some 5% of its 5,400 Latin American Division employees. Chief reason: "A runaway competitive situation in Latin America." Another carrier operating in Latin America, Panagra, last month asked the U.S. for a yearly \$6,800,000 subsidy,* citing the drop in passenger loads (from 60% to 35%). Both Pan Am and Panagra blamed the fall in revenue on "the entry of a large number of foreign carriers into the area; the cut-rate fare policies instituted by many of these carriers."

Almost every Latin American country boasts its own airline, and some have two or three. Most of the carriers are not members—as are Pan Am and Panagra—of the International Air Transport Association, which taboos price warfare. The local airlines set fares as they please, often undercut Pan Am or Panagra by close to half. Samples: Guatemala's Aviateca charges \$99 for a round trip between Guatemala City and Miami; Pan Am gets \$147.60. I.A.T.A. fare for a Lima-Miami round trip is \$473.40; Aerovias Panama Airways asks only \$260. Aerolineas Peruanas sells a Santiago-Miami two-way ticket for \$276.50; Pan Am and Panagra are required to charge \$678. To top it all off, U.S. airlines are limited by local regulations as to the number of seats that they can sell. Brazil restricts Pan Am to 430 seats a week (a figure set years ago) while major Brazilian airlines, Varig and Real, run without quotas. Some ten years ago Pan Am and Panagra were two out of nine companies servicing Latin America; today the total is 60.

MODERN LIVING

Sew & Reap

*Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers;
Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd
sooner sleep in thistles*

*Than the saucy, soft, short shirts for
soldiers sister Susie sews.*

—World War I ditty

Since World War I, the fingers of Susie—and her sisters—have become as nimble as professionals—and thereby started a new kind of home sewing boom. In the 1920s women who could not afford to buy even cheap store dresses did most of the home sewing. But no longer. Women are still sewing to economize—but on the fanciest dresses that Paris can design. Inundated by fashion news, furiously taking up and letting down to keep in style, some 35 million women are sewing profits for an industry that will reap close to \$1 billion this year. Home sewers will spend \$400 million for fabrics, \$290 million for accessories, \$270 million for home sewing machines, \$40 million for 90 million patterns. About 20% of all feminine clothes are now made at home by women who sew an average of four to six garments a year.

* Braniff International Airways is already on a subsidy of \$700,000 a year.

**For the age
of automation**

CONTROL
puts power
to work



The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation become impossible.

Human slavery is wrong, insecure and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends.

OSCAR WILDE, 1856-1900

Mankind's progress from the dark ages of drudgery and want to the highest level of civilization the world has ever known is a history of the enslavement of machinery. The final step in freeing men from the "ugly, horrible, unin-

teresting work" so inescapable in the constantly repeated operations of efficient mass manufacturing is automation. It lifts man from the role of robot and makes him the beneficiary, not the victim, of the modern slavery on which "the future of the world depends". Automation is of the future and for the future. And the very heart of automation is dependable electrical control. Cutler-Hammer experience and equipment have been and will continue to be in forefront of this progress. Only control puts power to work!

CUTLER-HAMMER

Cutler-Hammer Inc., Milwaukee, Wis. Division: Airborne Instruments Laboratory. Foreign: Cutler-Hammer International, C. A. Associates: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd.; Cutler-Hammer Mexicana, S. A.; Intercontinental Electronics Corporation, Inc.

NOW...
MEAD CONTAINERS
FOR SHIPPING



NOW...
MEAD PACKAGING
FOR SELLING



MEAD
containers

MEAD CONTAINERS, INC. MEAD-ATLANTA PAPER COMPANY
SALES OFFICES: 230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK
6124 North Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago 46, Illinois and principal cities
Subsidiaries of THE MEAD CORPORATION, Dayton 2, Ohio

MEAD
packaging



Camera Associates

SEWING CLASS ON LONG ISLAND
Sister Susie sews sharper shirts so succinctly.

Trading Up. Every calculated change in Paris means more money spent. So fashion-bent have sewing women become that patternmakers have all but junked the simple house-dress designs that used to be their bread and butter. What more and more women want is the kind of high-fashion Vogue patterns long sold by Condé Nast. The originals would cost perhaps \$600, but almost any woman can copy them for the cost of a \$3 pattern and \$50 worth of fine fabric (Vogue patterns even supply a Paris label).

McCall Corp. (1958 pattern sales: \$11 million) is matching other patternmakers in their new efforts to stay only a few months behind Paris. Last spring McCall produced the Dior trapeze line at the same time it appeared on U.S. ready-to-wear racks. Last month it brought Paris Couturier Pierre Cardin to the U.S. for a nationwide tour to publicize the six designs that he has made specifically for McCall's fall catalogue. McCall, says Pattern Boss Herbert Bijur, "is frankly trading up into the Vogue class."

Well below the high-fashion class is Simplicity Pattern Co., No. 1 in the field and the only maker that sells nothing else (expected 1958 sales: \$20 million). "We work for the girl next door," says President James J. Shapiro. "We want to sell Fords with lots of chrome, not Cadillacs."

Art Form. The biggest pattern buyers are now women in families with incomes above \$7,500. Millions of women now rank sewing as their No. 1—and often only—hobby. "There's a whole new climate," says Simplicity's Shapiro. "They do it as an art form."

All elements of the sewing industry have combined to launch a huge sew-more campaign. Manhattan's R. H. Macy, boasting probably the biggest piece-goods department in the world, runs home-sewn fashion shows every day for about 14 weeks a year. Singer Manufacturing Co. spends \$3,000,000 a year on national advertising, gives free machine lessons at

1,700 Singer Centers to 363,000 women a year, sponsors annual sewing contests with contestants winning \$210,000 in prizes. One return prize for the industry is more and more younger sewers: the average home sewer's age has dropped from 45 in 1928 to 27 now, and by 1960 millions of teen-agers will be sewing. A common but fashionable wedding present for suburban brides: a sewing machine.

No Dry Cleaning. What makes sewing more interesting than ever is that it is vastly easier. Even the clumsiest bachelor girl can sew professional-looking draperies with the aid of pre-pleating devices. Such accessories abound. John Dritz & Sons carries 100 items, introduced 18 new ones this year alone, including a "foolproof" buttonhole maker, electric scissors, up-holstery-repair kit.

Sales of home sewing machines have more than doubled since 1948, to about 1,500,000 a year, because the new machines embroider, darn, quilt, overcast, link two edges without overlapping, sew on buttons, make buttonholes—do virtually everything except dry cleaning. These wonders are mainly attributable to the invasion of foreign machines (about 1,000,000 a year), such as Italy's Necchi, which ten years ago caught staid old Singer with its slip showing. The new gadgets on Necchi and other machines shrank Singer's sales in the U.S. from its two-thirds grip of the U.S. market to one-third. Now Singer is bouncing back. It says that its Slant-O-Matic, \$399.50 in Early American cabinet, can match-sew any foreign make. Soon sister Susie should sew a shirt in seconds.

* BANKING

Winner & Champion

Taller than egos, Stetsons or oil rigs, the tallest things in Texas are banks. Busting out all over in an unparalleled boom, their huge buildings dominate the skyline in Dallas, Houston, San Antonio

What every investor should know about his investments...

This isn't *all* you should know by any means. But we find that any number of people have trouble even with these fundamental questions about their investments.

For instance . . .

- Can you list the stocks you own . . . the number of shares . . . the prices you paid? And how about bonds?
- Do you know what your investments are worth today . . . what dividends they pay . . . whether they return you 3%, 5%, 7%, or what?
- Would you say your program is speculative, conservative, or a mixture of both? Should it be?
- Is your investment objective capital appreciation, literal dividends, or protection of capital?
- Are you sure the securities you own really suit that objective . . . are the best that are currently available?
- Have you checked during the past six months on the performance of these companies—their recent financial record, their prospects for the future?
- Have you given any thought to the question of whether bonds—particularly tax-exempt municipals—should have a place in your investment program?

If you're not sure of the answers—and want to be—perhaps we can help.

Our Research Department will be glad to review your present investments, mail you an orderly, objective, and easy-to-read analysis of just what your program looks like to us.

There's no charge for this service, no obligation.

If you think it might help, simply write to—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER, Department S-140

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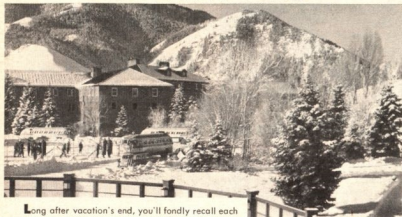
Offices in 112 Cities

HAPPY DAYS!

AT

SunValley

IDAHO



Long after vacation's end, you'll fondly recall each cherished moment of your Sun Valley holiday. Memories of diamond-studded snow blanketing a fantastic wonderland of wintertime sports will bring to mind your most satisfying trip of all. One suggestion—why not make this the year?

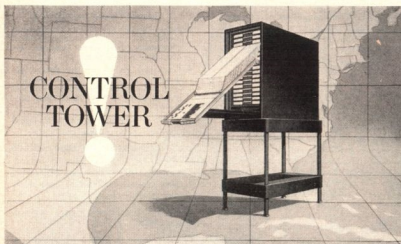
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VISIBLE RECORD SYSTEM

KARDEX Systems give you *instantly visible* facts and figures for the control of virtually every business performance and function. A glance at KARDEX records and you know exactly what to do about what, and when! It's easily the finest expression of visible recordkeeping. Clip and mail the coupon to get detailed information on KARDEX Systems.

Remington Rand
Division of SPERRY RAND CORPORATION



Facts & Figures
at SEE level

Remington Rand,
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Kindly send colorful informative
booklet—"Kardex Aristocrat"
(KD829)

Name & Title _____
Company _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

and Fort Worth, Texas has more banks than any other state: 968 with total deposits of \$10.4 billion, combined resources of \$11.6 billion. Texas bankers succeeded by fighting for business like warring super-market operators on a Saturday afternoon—while also wearing Homburg hats and speaking in muted tones. The man who best combines such Texas talents is taut, wiry, fiercely competitive Fred F. Florence, 67, head of Dallas' Republic National Bank, who for years has been locked in an epic duel with Dallas' First National Bank. The prize: the title of No. 1 bank in Texas.

Last week Banker Florence, who clinched the title this year, moved Republic out of the Texas League into national banking. First National (total deposits: \$724.8 million) made the first move,



Sheil Hershorn

DALLAS' FLORENCE

From the Texas league to the majors.

upped its capital and surplus from \$51.1 million to \$60 million, allowing it to lend \$6,000,000 at a crack. But then Florence's Republic (total deposits: \$798.4 million), for the ninth time in nine years, boosted its own capital and surplus from \$87 million to \$100 million, jumping its single loan authority to \$10 million. Republic's new total resources: \$948 million, v. First National's \$817 million.

Sweeping Out. Texan Florence can now compete for loans far from home, perhaps even in New York, where, he concedes, he was born. (His father left that outlandish birthplace to open an East Texas grocery when Florence was an infant.) Raised in the hamlet of Rusk, Florence began by sweeping out the local bank for \$15 monthly, at 24 became president of another tiny bank in nearby Alto and later the town's mayor. When a customer asked him to handle a \$40,000 purchase of stock in Dallas' Guaranty Bank & Trust Co., Florence got Guaranty to deposit the money in his Alto bank (total capital: \$25,000). This enterprise got Florence a

"It takes both discipline and family security to win against delinquency!"

*Some direct advice
of interest and help
to conscientious parents*

from **PHILIP B. GILLIAM**

*Judge of the
Juvenile Court of Denver*

EACH DAY I face a parade of young people gone wrong. There are many reasons why they appear in my court, but one underlying cause keeps cropping up.

"These boys and girls have lost their feeling of security, the sense of being loved. And with it has gone the incentive to love and respect others.

"Young people need a lot of parental love in their lives. That means supplying the sturdy discipline they require and unknowingly crave. And it means giving wisely of yourself, your experience and judgment.

"The buying of life insurance, it always seems to me, is an outstanding example of love at work to achieve added soundness and unity within the family. In addition to its long-range protection, it lends fresh strength for confident and happy living. It often goes far to create a background of family stability that helps to keep a child on the right track."

★

WHY POLICYHOLDERS ARE SO LOYAL TO NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL...

THIS company is one of the world's largest, with over 100 years' experience and a reputation for low net cost.

It is also a company noted for progressiveness. For example, its settlement options offer, by contract, a flexibility and choice of action unknown before in life insurance.

Here is further evidence that there are significant differences among life insurance companies. It is one reason why each year nearly half of the new policies issued by this company go to present policyholders.

For sound help in your security planning, call a Northwestern Mutual agent.

KARSH, OTTEWA



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER. Judge Gilliam took out his first policy with this company 24 years ago.

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



first-sip pleasure...with Comfort*

One sip of Southern Comfort and you like it! The only liquor kissed with sunny southern nectar to heighten your enjoyment. Try Comfort* on-the-rocks... straight over ice with a twist of lemon peel... and appreciate its good taste!

**Southern Comfort, naturally!*

Southern Comfort

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION • ST LOUIS 3, MISSOURI • 100 PROOF LIQUEUR

job at Guaranty, which became Republic National in 1922 and made Florence president in 1929. When he joined the bank its capital and surplus was \$1,000,000. By 1944 Florence pushed it to \$13 million.

Soon after he stepped in as president, Florence sent out a memo in which he said that loan officers were relying too much on statistics in granting loans, and not enough on common sense. Florence made a rule that any one officer could grant a loan, but it took more than one to turn down a borrower. "At Republic," says President Stanley Marcus of Dallas' Nieman-Marcus, "nobody thinks they're doing you a favor by lending you money. They look on banking as a commodity to sell, not a privilege."

Cleaning Up. Republic has lent \$1 billion to finance oil drilling, more than any Southwest bank. Florence was a chief mover in bringing Temco Aircraft to Dallas, which in turn helped persuade Chance-Vought to come. He also helped organize Lone Star Steel Co., biggest in Texas. Partly to persuade big Texas borrowers that it was no longer necessary to go to New York, Florence gave Republic the most impressive face in Dallas—a \$25 million, 40-story building sheathed in aluminum. The skyscraper has acted as a magnet to bring Dallas such other structures as the new Hotel Statler Hilton.

Fred Florence aims to make Republic far more than a bustling regional institution. Hanging in his sumptuous third-floor office is a painting of cowboys rounding up wild horses, entitled *Bringing Them In*. "When it comes to business," says he, "that's my motto."

GOODS & SERVICES

Light from the Past

In the lighting industry the newest fad is the old gas lamp. The fad got going last year when Whitt Stephens, Arkansas Louisiana Gas Co. president and board chairman, offered to install gas lamps free for the entire city of Little Rock, Ark. as a stunt to publicize gas. The city could not legally accept, but Stephens had six gaslights put up near city hall. So many householders liked their soft glow that Stephens decided to mass-produce the lamps through the company's subsidiary, Arkla Air Conditioning Corp.

Mounted on a post and boxed in an old-fashioned lantern, the soft-glowing lamps have since appeared in thousands of backyards, garage fronts and gardens from Arkansas to Albuquerque. Arkla alone has sold 22,000 in six months, and this year the industry's total is expected to top 300,000. In North Little Rock, the CAA approved a private airport's plans to install gas lamps along its modern runways. In Amarillo, Texas, where gas is cheap, gas lamps have appeared along highways and byways. The lanes of a new residential development now under construction are being lit by gas. Nonglaring, the gaslights are not only more economical than electric lights, but have another decided advantage outdoors: they do not attract bugs because they do not glow.

Fits your pocket and your palm!



BRAND NEW

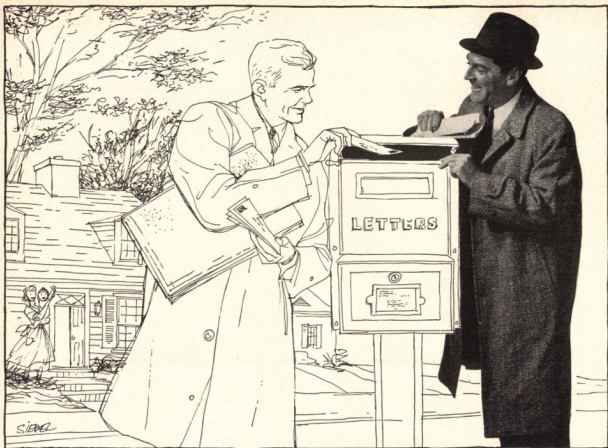
PHILCO T-75

ALL TRANSISTOR RADIO

As a sportsman's rugged companion or an everyday playmate, this powerful new Philco is styled for comfort! It's slim—slips into your pocket or purse with casual ease. And its new curved contour fits your palm like a friendly handshake! T-75's seven rugged transistors deliver brilliant, dependable performance anywhere—on only two regular flashlight batteries! See this new beauty. Hold it; the durable case is genuine leather. Best of all, hear the T-75; you'll make this new Philco a pocket pal!

LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose **PHILCO.**

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE



Mailing personal checks is the safe, easy way to pay your bills. With your family banker in the picture, you can do more with your money

"Some people are better at making money than using it"

"I'm surprised about some of our friends. They've moved ahead in their jobs, and they're making a lot more money than a few years back—but some of them haven't really learned how to *manage* their money. A few don't even have *checking accounts*.

"There's something my wife and I depend on—our checkbook. No sense carrying a lot of cash, it's too easy to lose. And store owners like to be paid by check. It's so *businesslike*.

"Then, too, we can pay each month's bills simply by mailing out checks—for things like rent and insur-

ance, telephone, electricity and charge accounts. Because they're an accurate record, checks help us keep track of our budget. And when income tax time rolls around, we can go through our cancelled checks together, figuring out what our deductions are.

"Through our checking account, we've come to use more of our family bank's services. Fact is, we get together with our banker for so many things now that 'family banker' has the same warm meaning to us as 'family doctor.'"

FOUNDATION FOR COMMERCIAL BANKS



Earn guaranteed interest on savings, confident that you can withdraw them when you want



Save time and money and have a permanent record—when you pay your bills by check



Build, buy or improve your home with a modernization or mortgage loan at low rates



Meet other family needs—new car, college tuition, emergencies—through confidential loans



Help the growth of your business or profession through loans and experienced counsel



Build personal and financial standing in the community through your bank relationship



Your commercial banker is your family banker

ONLY A COMMERCIAL BANK CAN SERVE YOUR FAMILY WITH ALL ITS MONEY NEEDS

NAA is at work in the fields of the future



They take the wings of the morning...

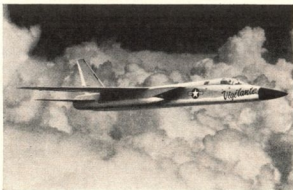
They live in a different world from ours. A lonely world of water and sky... the High Seas, seven-tenths of the earth's surface.

In this vast realm they keep the freedom of the seas. Along the broad sea lanes pass the ships of all nations, secure upon their lawful occasions. For large-scale movements of goods in peace—or troops and supplies in war—there is still no replacement for the ship. These men know this; and they know too that this peaceful ocean highway can become a tunnel of attack right to our shores—a secret passage for the missile submarine. There is the responsibility to defend us against this deadly weapon; theirs is the duty of mastering its use themselves as a deterrent against attack.

So they stand guard, unceasingly—the seamen and naval airmen of the United States fleets at sea. They need the finest equipment we can build.

Faster than the sun

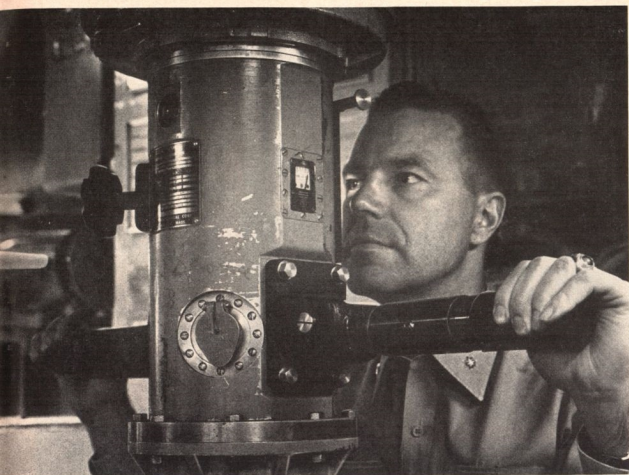
Now in flight test for our carrier-borne airmen is a weapon system far beyond the capability of any other navy—the A3J Vigilante, designed and built by the Columbus Division of North American Aviation. This is an aircraft so fast that it could take off at dawn and strike hundreds of miles to the westward before the sun comes up.



Sentinel of the seven seas, the Vigilante significantly extends the Navy's striking power. The supersonic twin-jet attack weapon system can pinpoint its target in any weather, from any altitude. Few land-based planes can match its speed—yet it can throttle down for safe landings on carrier decks.

A Weapon System that thinks

Though the Vigilante holds the power of major nuclear retaliation, it is also a precision instrument of attack for use in limited war. Its extreme accuracy stems from the advanced navigation and armament control systems built into it by NAA's Autonetics Division. This makes it an ideal tactical weapon for tightly



and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea"

controlled action by the Navy, both at sea and for brushfire incidents ashore. Moving unseen from sea to sea, the great 35-knot carriers will be able to unleash the Vigilante at targets large or small, according to the needs of the situation. And the Vigilante has two crewmen to decide, report, respond—adding the judgment of the trained fighting man to the automatic deadliness of the Navy's missiles.

A Guidance System that knows

The USS Nautilus and Skate made

naval history last August. The captains steered their submarines safe and sure through the ice-roofed depths of the Polar seas—in radio silence, cut off from sight of sky or land. Yet they knew their position every second of the voyage. This was made possible by the Inertial Navigation systems they had aboard—the outcome of 12 years of pioneering by NAA's Autonetics Division in the guidance of manned or unmanned vehicles, whether in sea, air, or space.

Autonetics Division is now building even more precise and reliable

systems to pinpoint the first Polaris submarines for accurate launching of their 1500-mile missiles.

Technological teamwork

North American is the sum of six complete divisions. It is one of America's most versatile organizations. From responsibility for complete weapon systems to assignments by each division in its own specialized field, NAA stands ready to serve government agencies and private firms alike—with a standard of proficiency that is a matter of record.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

SERVING THE NATION'S INTEREST FIRST—THROUGH THESE DIVISIONS



LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles, Canoga Park, Downey, California; Columbus, Ohio; Neosho, Missouri



AUTONETICS



MISSILE



ROCKETDYNE



COLUMBUS



ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL



since 1383

ORIGINAL MUNICH

LÖWENBRÄU

IMPORTED GERMAN BEER

Internationally famous Munich Löwenbräu beer, with its authentic Old World flavor, is the largest selling imported beer in the U.S.A. Brewed and bottled only in Munich, Germany.

Imported by HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. New York 51, N. Y.

FOR THE
CONNOISSEUR
OF QUALITY

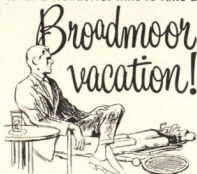


THE FISHER
HIGH FIDELITY
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

For those who demand perfection, The Contemporary II features superb high fidelity performance from records as well as FM and AM radio. It is fully equipped with stereophonic controls. (The Companion stereo speaker system can be added at any time.) In Mahogany, \$489.50. Other finishes slightly higher. FISHER radio-phonographs are priced from \$199.50 to \$2395.00. Write today for the 16-page FISHER brochure.

FISHER RADIO CORPORATION
21-45 44th DRIVE, L. I. C. 1, N. Y.

What a wonderful time to take a



Bright, sunny days—cold, crisp nights. The air sparkles with brilliant clarity. New snow shines on the high mountains above, while you bask in mellow sunshine at the Broadmoor!

There's some of the most enjoyable golf you ever played, on Broadmoor's outstanding courses—tennis—riding—swimming or sunning at the Lake Terrace pool—dancing—superb food—a world-renowned wine cellar—and perfect service!

And there's just plain loafing on a sun-drenched lawn or shady terrace.

The time is now—the place is the Broadmoor—the person is you!

Write to Dept. 104
for color brochure
and reservations



Broadmoor hotel
Colorado Springs, Colorado
America's Complete Year-Around Resort

MILESTONES

Born. To Annette Dionne Allard, 24, second Dionne quintuplet (after Cécile) to become a mother, and Finance-Company Official Germain Allard, 25; a son; in Cartierville, Que. Weight: 8 lbs. 1 oz.

Born. To William Pettus Hobby Jr., 26, newspaperman, son of former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Oveta Culp Hobby and ex-Governor of Texas (1917-21) William Hobby, and Diana Stallings Hobby, 27, daughter of Playwright Laurence (*What Price Glory*) Stallings; their first child, a daughter; in Houston. Name: Laura Poteet.

Married. James MacArthur, 20, rising cinemactor (*The Young Stranger*), adopted son of Actress Helen Hayes and the late Playwright Charles MacArthur; and Joyce Collins Bulifant, 20, socialite actress; in Solebury, Pa.

Died. Marshall Neilan, 65, live-it-up Hollywood director of the silent era (*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Hell's Angels*); of cancer; in Woodland Hills, Calif. One of the most lavish spenders in filmland history, "Mickey" Neilan regularly exhausted a drawing account of \$10,000 a week.

Died. Zoë Akins, 71, playwright (*Déclassé*, *The Greeks Had a Word for It*), poet, novelist, screenwriter; of cancer; in Los Angeles. In 1935, Missouri-born Zoë Akins won a Pulitzer Prize for her Broadway adaptation of Edith Wharton's *The Old Maid*, but despite her durable professional success she deplored "the tragedy of feminine careers." Writing for Hollywood was "not difficult," she said. "All you have to do is write six pages every day, then grab the money and run for the train."

Died. Dame Rose Macaulay, 77, British novelist (*Potterism*, *The World My Wilderness*, *The Towers of Trebizond*), essayist, satirist; of a heart attack soon after signing a telegram from British writers to the Union of Soviet Writers protesting the expulsion of Nobel Prize-winner Boris Pasternak (see FOREIGN NEWS); in London. Spinster daughter of a Cambridge don and distant kin to Historian Thomas Babington Macaulay, Dame Rose was raised in Italy, where her mother had been sent for her health. The sunny freedom of a girlhood on the Ligurian coast prepared her for anything but the spiny conventionalities of the traditional education (concluding at Oxford) that followed, giving rise to Rose Macaulay's frequent literary treatment of the struggles of the free spirit against rigid mores. The witty, bloodless, polished writer that emerged was—in words she used to describe a character in *Staying With Relations*—"ironic, amused, passionless, detached, elegantly celibate . . . a traveled European, a bland mocker, a rather mincing young gentlewoman."



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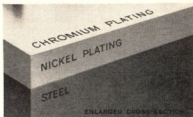
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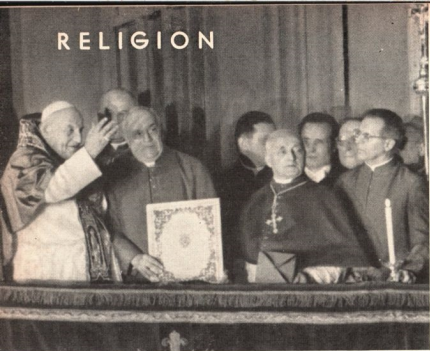
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RELIGION



FIRST BLESSING FROM ST. PETER'S BALCONY
"Not diplomat, not politician, but priest."

Associated Press

"I Choose John . . ."

(See Cover)

"*Tu es Petrus*" (Thou art Peter) sang the choir, and the ancient hymn set off a roar that swept across St. Peter's Square and down Via della Conciliazione to the Tiber's banks: "*Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa!*" His Holiness John XXIII, Bishop of Rome, 262nd Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, paused at the entrance to the Basilica of St. Peter, a square, strong rock of a man beneath the jeweled miter and glistening white robes.

Twelve silver trumpets sounded, and the procession entered the vast church. Behind representatives of the ancient orders—Franciscans, Dominicans, Benedictines, Cistercians—walked dignitaries of Rome's churches, breastplated Swiss guardsmen, velvet-clad chamberlains of honor, honorary privy chaplains, patriarchs, mace-bearers and scarlet-mantled cardinals, fan bearers and Noble Guards. In the chapel of St. Gregory, the cardinals made obeisance to the Pope, kissing his right hand. Then John XXIII was vested to celebrate his solemn papal Mass.

Three times during the procession to the main altar the Pope was halted by the master of ceremonies to receive a small brazier of glowing coals and a handful of flax that the Pope threw upon the fire. Then, as the flax flared up and was gone in a puff of smoke, the master of ceremonies looked into the Pontiff's eyes and intoned the ancient warning: "*Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*" (Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world). In the course of the Mass, an assisting cardinal placed on the Pope's shoulders the pallium, a white wool band symbolizing his authority as Bishop of Rome, and the sacristan performed the

grim ritual of tasting the wine to be used, as reminder of the days when Popes often died by poison. At the conclusion of the Mass a silk purse containing 25 ancient coins was presented to the Pontiff, traditional payment for "a Mass well done."

Outside St. Peter's all Rome seemed to be assembled, kneeling and praying. Finally the new Pope appeared on the balcony and the papal tiara—the jewel-studded triple diadem that symbolizes the sanctifying, ruling and teaching powers of the church—was placed on the large, rugged peasant head of Angelo Roncalli. He heard the ancient Latin formula: "Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns and know that thou art the father of princes and of kings, Pontiff of the whole world, and vicar on this earth of

our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory, world without end."

Not on Tiptoe. Angelo Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, was elected as a compromise candidate, at least compared to Pius XII, who was chosen unanimously in less than 24 hours. Vatican insiders are reconstructing the three voting days of the conclave, with their suspensful smoke signals, this way: two main groups faced each other, one faction under archconservative Cardinal Ottaviani, the other (including the French cardinals) supporting liberal, reform-minded Cardinal Lercaro of Bologna. In the middle, fitting neither the "political" nor the "pastoral" label completely (since they had ample experience of both kinds), were Roncalli and Patriarch of the Armenians Agagianian. The fact that Agagianian is non-Italian, and too young (63) in the view of some cardinals who would prefer a shorter reign, finally swung the decision to Roncalli. But if anyone expected Roncalli to be a mere caretaker Pope, providing a transition to the next reign, he destroyed the notion within minutes after his election—so much so that some Romans fondly recall the story told of Sixtus V (1585-1590), who in conclave seemed decrepit and ailing but, as soon as elected, threw away his cane, rose to his full height and announced in a vigorous voice: "Now I am Caesar."

Angelo Roncalli has no Caesarian ambitions, but he did not tiptoe into his reign; he stomped in boldly like the owner of the place, throwing open windows and moving furniture around. When the portly Pope (robed in the too-tight papal vestments excited chamberlains had selected for him) appeared in a blaze of searchlights last week on St. Peter's balcony to administer his first *Urbi et orbi* blessing, he noticed many clerics who had left the sealed-off conclave area to watch the occasion. Later he jokingly told them: "You have all just incurred excommunication. But I shall use my new authority to relieve you of it." Neverthe-



ROMANS AWAITING NEW POPE OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S
"It would be much better if you simply said 'The Pope has done this.'"

less he broke tradition by sending word to the astonished cardinals that instead of leaving the conclave, as is customary after the new Pope's election, he wanted them to remain there overnight.

First Message. Presumably, Pope John joined his cardinals that night—perhaps he addressed them, perhaps asked their views on some of the problems ahead. Instead of spending the next 24 hours in seclusion as had been expected, he was on the air next day with his first message to the world, broadcast by Vatican Radio in 36 languages. Appealing to “leaders of all nations,” he asked:

“Why must the resources of human ingenuity and the wrath of nations be turned more and more to the preparation of arms—pernicious instruments of death and destruction—instead of improving the welfare of all classes, particularly the poorer classes? We know, it is true, that to bring about so laudable, so praiseworthy a proposition and to level the differences there are grave and intricate difficulties in the way, but they must be victoriously overcome, even if by force: this is, in fact, the most important undertaking, connected with the prosperity of all mankind.”

Precedents Broken. Virtually everyone at the Vatican, of whatever faction, wants an overhauling of the Vatican's administrative machinery, which Pius XII allowed to grow rusty, and Pope John wasted not a second. Among other steps, he:

¶ Appointed Monsignor Domenico Tardini Pro-Secretary of State. Under Pius XII, who acted as his own Secretary of State, sagacious Diplomat Tardini had been merely Pro-Secretary of State for Extraordinary Affairs: the new appointment carries with it the virtual assurance of promotion to full Secretary of State and a red hat at the next consistory.

¶ Restored the practice of giving regular weekly audiences to the Curia cardinals, even if they have no pressing business. The custom was discontinued four years ago by Pius XII.



G. Felici

RECEIVING CARDINALS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

“See everything, turn a blind eye on much of it, correct a little.”

¶ Restored the tradition, abandoned by the last two Popes, of placing his red cardinal's zucchetto on the head of the secretary of the conclave, Monsignor Alberto di Jorio, thereby making him a cardinal.

¶ Designated a coronation date five days earlier than had been anticipated. Popes are traditionally crowned on a Sunday, but the Pope selected Tuesday, Nov. 4, instead of the following Sunday, because it is the feast day of St. Charles Borromeo, to whom the Pope is especially devoted.*

¶ Received non-Italian cardinals in a daily round of special audiences to take advantage of their presence in Rome. One of the first and most cordially received was the cardinal in the hottest spot of all—Poland's Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, a close friend of the Pope.

¶ Instructed Count Giuseppe della Torre, director of the Vatican daily *L'Osservatore Romano*, to eliminate honorific phrases about the Pope, e.g., “The Highest Pontiff,” “The Illuminated Holy Father,” “As we gathered from the august lips.” Said John: “It would be much better if you simply said ‘The Pope has done this’ and ‘The Pontiff has said that.’”

¶ Announced his hope of traveling abroad (the last time a Pope left Italy was 1804, when a reluctant Pius VII went to Paris to crown Napoleon emperor). Last week the auxiliary bishop in Venice quoted the Pope as saying casually: “You know, I hope I'll be able to attend the closing of the centenary celebration of Lourdes, and I also hope to pay a visit to my beloved Venice.”

The new Pope was also energetically

shouldering his way through a massive cumulus of routine and ritual—reopening the papal study, which had been sealed on Pius XII's death, selecting his living quarters (the same three sparsely furnished rooms occupied by the last three Popes), meeting the household staff, learning his way around his tiny temporal kingdom of 108.7 acres, some 1,000 inhabitants.

Sanctity & Strength. Perhaps one of the Pope's most appealing and characteristic actions last week was his detailed explanation to the cardinals of why he had chosen the name John. Said he: “I choose John . . . a name sweet to us because it is the name of our father, dear to me because it is the name of the humble parish church where I was baptized, the solemn name of numberless cathedrals scattered throughout the world, including our own basilica [St. John Lateran]. Twenty-two Johns of indisputable legitimacy have [been Pope], and almost all had a brief pontificate. We have preferred to hide the smallness of our name behind this magnificent succession of Roman Popes.”

“We love the name of John because it reminds us of John the Baptist, precursor of our Lord . . . and the other John, the disciple and evangelist, who said: ‘My children, love one another, love one another because this is the grand precept of Christ.’ Perhaps we can, taking the name of this first series of holy Popes,⁹ have something of his sanctity and strength of spirit, even—if God wills it—to the spilling of blood.”

John XXIII was born in a grey stone

* He has written a five-volume history of the 16th century saint, who spent years as archbishop of Milan, near Pope John's own town of Sotto il Monte.

⁹ John II (\$13-\$135) was the first Pope to take a different name on ascending to the papacy. The reason: his original name was the inappropriately pagan one of Mercury.



Publiffe



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AT LOURDES BASILICA DEDICATION (MARCH '58)



WITH PIUS XII



WITH WYSZYŃSKI

farmhouse on a November night in 1881. A couple of hours later, his mother rose from her bed and hurried with her husband and her first son to the little parish church of St. John. The sleepy priest grumbled at the lateness of the hour, but they insisted—"Do you want us to take him all the way home again without baptism?"—and that night Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli became a member of the church he would rule one day.

For 500 years, the Roncallis have been working in the vineyards and wheat fields around the village of Sotto il Monte (Beneath the Mountain), eight miles from the Lombardy town of Bergamo. Like his brothers and sisters, Angelo grew up to the life of a farmer—"At the age of ten," the 86-year-old church bell ringer remembered last week, "that boy worked in the fields with the sobriety of a grown man."

Angelo carried the same sobriety into his work at school; he was only eleven when he decided to be a priest, and though the expense meant a sacrifice for his parents, Angelo went to study at the seminary in Bergamo, the quiet, medieval "town of 100 churches." He won a scholarship to the Pontifical Seminary in Rome, was ordained at 25, and said his first Mass in St. Peter's Basilica.

The Pope's Mirror. "I never aspired to be more than a country priest in my diocese," said Cardinal Roncalli later, but when he returned there it was as secretary to the Bishop of Bergamo, aristocratic Monsignor Giacomo Radini-Tedeschi, to whom he still refers as "my spiritual father." Roncalli's ten years with the bishop gave him some of the polish that later helped make him a successful diplomat, and some of the intellectual zeal that turned him into a teacher and scholar. In addition to his secretarial duties, he organized Catholic Action groups, taught church history and apologetics at the Bergamo seminary.

Father Roncalli also organized a center for the guidance and protection of young students, and last week crowds thronged its old quarters in Bergamo's Palazzo Ansperetti to see "the Pope's mirror," beneath which is inscribed in Latin "Know Thyself," to remind students to check up on their appearance before going out. For, though he wore plain priestly black on all occasions, Roncalli has always been sensitive to appearance. During his summer vacations in Sotto il Monte as a bishop and cardinal, he would receive the priests of the region dressed as they were, and noticed that one of them was habitually unshaven and another's collar was usually askew. With characteristic diplomacy, Roncalli made no direct comment, but one day he casually produced a razor with the words: "I happen to have this extra razor—would you like it, *Reverendo*?" And on the other he pressed some collars: "These are getting a bit tight for me, *Reverendo*, but I think they'll do very well for you."

Father Roncalli was drafted into the Italian army during World War I, and turned up in Sotto il Monte one day in 1916 as a balding, bulky medical corps

sergeant sporting a dashing cape and a fiercely bristling military mustache. "I grew it in a moment of weakness," he confessed later, shaved it off when he became a lieutenant and a chaplain. At war's end he was back teaching at the seminary until Pope Benedict XV summoned him to Rome to help reorganize the administration of missionary work in the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

Fancy Footwork. In 1925 Pope Pius XI made him an archbishop and gave him his first diplomatic assignment: Apostolic Visitor to Bulgaria. Five years later the Pope promoted this promising envoy to Nuncio, and in 1935 sent him to Turkey and Greece as Apostolic Delegate. For ten years Archbishop Roncalli lived in Istanbul, became a recognized expert on the Middle East and an adept at diplomatic fancy footwork. *e.g.*, in neutral Turkey, during World War II, he managed to keep the respect and good will of both the Allies and the Germans.

One night in Istanbul, near war's end, Nuncio Roncalli received a coded cable from the Vatican, decoded it himself because his secretary was out, and decided at first that he must have made a mistake: he was ordered to proceed immediately to Paris as Nuncio to France. When the order proved to be correct, Roncalli is said to have stopped off in Rome at the Secretariat of State. "Are you out of your minds?" he asked. "I can't handle a job like that." "It wasn't our idea," they replied. "It was the Holy Father's."

When he arrived in Paris January 1, 1945, Nuncio Roncalli found the country in postwar ferment. Gaullists were unforgiving toward Vichyites and at odds with the Catholic-oriented M.R.P. The Communists were riding high. Yet during his eight years' stay, Nuncio Roncalli became one of the most popular men in Paris. One example of his talent for smoothing out differences: only three Vichy archbishops lost their jobs, despite the Gaullists' bitter feelings about them as collaborationists. In addition to respecting his ability, the French also liked his cuisine. Roncalli is known as what the Italians call "a powerful fork" (his filling favorites: ravioli, polenta with small birds, hare in *salmi*, chamois in *salmi*, deviled chicken, tripe Bergamasque).

Gondola Greeting. In 1953 came news that the Pope had made Archbishop Roncalli a cardinal. The heads of Catholic states have the privilege of awarding the red biretta to nuncios created cardinals while abroad, and Cardinal Roncalli received his biretta from his friend Socialist French President Vincent Auriol, thus underlining the good relations between church and state. Three days later the Pope appointed Roncalli Patriarch of Venice.

Venice welcomed its 44th patriarch and 139th bishop with a gala flotilla of gondolas, and Cardinal Roncalli welcomed Venice with something that sounded like a sigh of relief. In his first sermon from the pulpit of St. Mark's he said: "Do not look upon your patriarch as a politician, as a diplomat, but find in him a priest."

The Venetian clergy, smarting from the

autocratic patriarchy of the late Cardinal-designate Agostini, called Roncalli "calm after the storm." Venice was soon used to seeing his square, black figure almost everywhere, riding in the motor-launch buses and stopping for a chat in the cafes. His door was always open, and his secretaries disapproved of the amount of time he gave to visitors ("Let them come in," he would say. "They may want to confess"). At the Venice music festivals in 1953 and 1956, he filled St. Mark's with music such as the great cathedral had not heard since the 16th and 17th centuries, including the world premiere



Associated Press
THE POPE'S BROTHER ZAVERIO
"My God, little Angelo!"

of Stravinsky's moving *Sacred Canticle to Honor the Name of St. Mark*.

Crocodiles & Tourists. Though an ardent supporter of Catholic Action and the Demo-Christian Party, Cardinal Roncalli won the admiration of many a Venetian leftist for his progressive outlook. He shocked conservatives by proposing that some marble panels be removed from the interior of St. Mark's to give worshippers a better view, but he was dead against a proposal to set up gambling facilities in St. Mark's Square. Once he aimed a shaft of wit at the scantily clad tourists who swarm the city in the summertime: "People need not come to Italy in furs or woollens. They can come dressed in that modern American silk, fresh and soft, which is a veritable refrigerator at low cost. Italy, on the other hand, is not on the equator, and even there, by the way, lions wear their coats, and crocodiles are lined with their most precious hides."

Roncalli was often compared to St. Pius X (1903-1914), who like him came from a peasant family and like him was

Patriarch of Venice. When Roncalli's friend Auriol visited him in Venice, the cardinal showed his guest the small, modest room where Pius had lived before his election. "Maybe it is from here also that the successor to Pius X will come," said Auriol. Last week he recalled: "The cardinal smiled but did not answer."

Formidable Legacy. All over Venice, decked in flags to celebrate the second of its patriarchs to be elected Pontiff in 55 years, the word went round last week: "He will be a great Pope!" In Sotto il Monte the three remaining Roncalli brothers, Zaverio, 75, Alfredo, 69, and Giuseppe, 64, were having supper after a hard day's work when the big news came over their old radio. The rice soup grew cold while they listened; then as excited neighbors poured from their houses, the brothers hurried upstairs to dress up for the occasion. And in Sesto San Giovanni, a little town near Milan, Angelo Roncalli's sister Assunta was out buying bread when the news reached her. "My God, little Angelo!" she gasped. "What's the matter?" asked the baker, and Assunta explained: "My brother's just been elected Pope. He will have to work so hard."

Everyone was aware of the burdens a septuagenarian was shouldering. The Pope's doctor, Paolo Venchierutti, has announced that the somewhat overweight Pontiff (205 lbs.), "has a robust stamina unweakened by the years." He generally sleeps no more than six hours a night—retiring at 10 and rising at 4. But however strong his body and short his sleep, the problems that confront his reign are a formidable legacy.

¶ **NEW CARDINALS.** Most pressing matter before the new Pope is the need for more cardinals to shoulder the work of the church. Of the 53 present members of the college, twelve are more than 80, and only six are less than 60. England is without a red hat, and the U.S., which once had five, now has only two. Africa, The Philippines and Mexico would each like a cardinal. So complex and widespread have the church's affairs become that many Vatican officials feel that the Pope should expand the college beyond the present limit of 70 (the Pope can raise the limit to any figure he sees fit). Whether he chooses to fill up the college in one or two big consistories, or does it piecemeal in a series of small ones, Vaticaners feel that the new Pope, a clean-desk administration man without the procrastinating tendencies of his predecessor, will make this his first order of business.

¶ **THE CHURCH OF SILENCE.** The church is responsible for \$2,552,000 Catholics behind the Iron Curtain. Should it encourage religion there—and so increase the risk of persecution and torture—or should it do nothing and let the Communists try slowly to freeze Christianity? Or is there a possibility of compromise? Several third-hand feelers from the Soviet side were extended during the reign of Pius XII, and ignored.

¶ **SCHISM IN CHINA.** Pope Pius XII was fearful of forcing the Catholics in China into deeper schism by excommunicating

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the Chinese bishops who are making valid but unauthorized consecrations, hence went no farther than deploring their action in one of his last encyclicals. Insiders are waiting to see whether Pope John will take a tougher line.

¶ **LATIN AMERICA.** With one-third of the world's Catholics (172,271,000), Latin America has the smallest number of priests per capita in the world—one to every 4,810 Catholics. In addition to the relatively low educational level of the churchmen there (even including bishops), the Catholic Church is threatened in Latin America by a major development of Protestant missions. Protestant missionaries in Latin America have increased since 1916 from 1,689 to 6,303, and the number of Protestants has gone up from 169,880 to 4,614,000.

Formidable as may be the new Pope's problems, they shrink somewhat when measured against past challenges to the papacy—an institution that spans Christian history from persecution under Nero to persecution under Khrushchev, has dealt with inimical philosophies from stoicism to existentialism, has survived dangers from its own corruption during the Renaissance to physical attack during the Italian Risorgimento. Whatever threats Christianity will face under Pope John's reign will not necessarily be greater than the invasion of the Lombards from whom Gregory the Great (590-604) saved Rome. Whatever tests await Pope John's diplomacy will recall that behind him lies the record of Hildebrand (Gregory VII, 1073-1085), who kept Henry IV of Germany waiting barefoot in the snow for three days and established the spiritual authority of the church over the temporal power of monarchs. And no schismatic efforts of the Chinese Communists to divide Chinese Catholics from the church in Rome could result in a more apparently hopeless tangle than the Schism of 1378, which reached a climax with three competing Popes,* three Colleges of Cardinals, three sets of bishops, priests and tax collectors.

To judge from his record so far, Pope John XXIII will face the dangers and confusions of his era with the patience expressed by his favorite maxim of government, and probably with more force than it suggests. The maxim: *Omnia videre, multa dissimulare, pauca corrigere*—to see everything, to turn a blind eye on much of it, to correct a little.

* In 1378 the College of Cardinals elected Urban VI Pope, but a large number repudiated him five months later and elected Clement VII. Nations took sides, positions became entrenched, no one knew who was rightful Pope. To break the deadlock, cardinals from both camps convened on their own (hence invalidly) in 1409, "deposed" both Popes and elected a third, who died within a year, was succeeded by Balthazar Cardinal Coscia, who called himself John XXIII. Neither "deposed" Pope recognized the new one. Four years later, the Council of Constance met, made itself valid by having Urban's successor, Gregory XII, convene it and immediately abdicate. Thereupon the council deposed the other two Popes and started things off on the right foot again with Martin V (1417-31).



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ART

The Big Collectors

From the suburban housewife who pinches her household money to collect dolls of all nations to the squillionaire* searcher of continents, collectors are a race apart. What distinguishes them, for good or ill, is the fact that they are not only possessors, but possessed.

Critic-Author Aline B. Saarinen (wife of Architect Eero Saarinen) makes the point in a study of great American collectors published this week (*The Proud Possessors*; Random House; \$5.95): "Their overpowering common denominator is this: for each of them, the collecting of art was a primary means of expression."

Major U.S. collecting began with a rush in the 1890s, when a handful of new U.S. millionaires decided, almost as one, to plunge into the art market. They had little experience, but in a time before income taxes, huge spendable resources. They bought widely, and sometimes competitively with one another. In the space of a generation, Andrew Mellon, P.A.B. Widener, Henry Clay Frick, and lesser financial titans transformed the U.S. from a cultural have-not to a treasure house of great art that could rival Europe's best (see color pages).

Most of the early titans bought art as they bought stocks; they were interested only in authenticated masterpieces, the blue-chip established values of culture. Their successors were less lavish of necessity, but no less avid, and often supported American art, as their predecessors did not. Among Author Saarinen's gallery:

¶ **J. Pierpont Morgan** bought more than \$60 million worth of art in the 20 years before his death in 1913, but he was no spendthrift. The same collection today might well command ten times what he paid for it. His Renaissance library is now one of Manhattan's handsomest small museums. Author Saarinen calls the place (36th Street and Madison Avenue) "restrained, not opulent; exquisite, not ostentatious. The East Room is regal with lapis lazuli columns flanking the fireplace and with a Flemish 16th century tapestry above it. What unconscious impulse of guilt or pride determined the choice of this particular weaving? It represents *The Triumph of Avarice*, and it includes one vandal stealing leaves of an illuminated manuscript."

¶ **Mrs. Potter Palmer**, was among the first to bring impressionist painting to America (in the 1890s) on the advice of a social equal who happened to be a great painter besides: Mary Cassatt. The wife of a millionaire Chicago hotelman and financier, Mrs. Palmer ruled wherever she chose to go: Newport, Paris, Rome. Invited to a party for the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, she firmly declined: "I cannot

meet this bibulous representative of a degenerate monarchy." James McNeill Whistler remembered Rome as "a bit of an old ruin alongside of a railway station where I saw Mrs. Potter Palmer." But her picture-crammed castle ("English Gothic of the square-headed variety") on the shore of Lake Michigan in Chicago was Mrs. Palmer's favorite seat. "Adieu," she would tell friends in Paris. "I must go back to Chicago to give the Charity Ball."

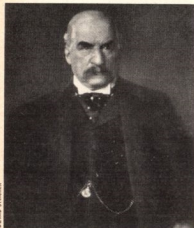
¶ **Isabella Stewart Gardner** of Boston was a plain Jane with weird endearing ways. All men were apparently fascinated by her. To Bernard Berenson, who constantly advised her on what to buy, she was "the Serpent of the Charles [River]." To T. Jefferson Coolidge she was "Aphrodite with a lining of Athene." Henry James wrote to her about "those evenings at your board and in your box, those tea-times in your pictured halls [which] flash again in my mind's eye as real life-saving stations." To her patient husband she was simply "Busy Ella."

Mrs. Gardner made it her business to set Boston impolitely on its ear. Such a concenteric society, she reasoned, would appreciate eccentricity. She chartered a locomotive for a picnic, led a lion on a leash, drank beer at "pop" concerts, and once, during Lent, donned sackcloth and scrubbed the steps of Boston's Church of the Advent. Meanwhile she kept buying pictures, and putting her servants on short rations so that she could do it. Her greatest caprice, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, is a Venetian palazzo on The Fenway in the midst of Boston, containing some of the world's best pictures (among them Titian's *Rape of Europa*).

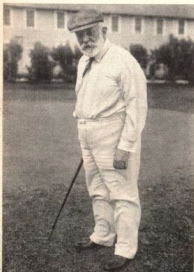
¶ **Peggy Guggenheim**, most dashing of the second-generation collectors, has "found nothing astonishing in a life larded with blood-splattering parties, gatherings with public confessions and public



ANDREW MELLON



J. PIERPONT MORGAN



HENRY CLAY FRICK

PEGGY GUGGENHEIM



* A word invented by Renaissance Art Expert Bernard Berenson to denote clients with uncounted millions.



RAPHAEL

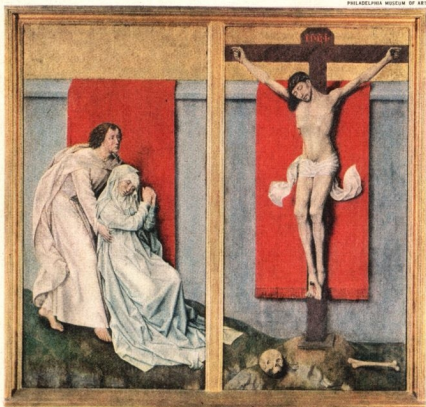
Alba Madonna was bought secretly from U.S.S.R.'s Hermitage Museum in 1930-31 by Andrew Mellon for \$1,166,400, then given to National Gallery, where it is now a top favorite.



STAVELOT TRIPTYCH

Twelfth century, triptych with enamel medallions was bought by John Pierpont Morgan about 1910. Made by Flemish goldsmiths to

enshrine reliquaries containing bits of nail and wood from True Cross, work was once treasure of Benedictine monastery of Stavelot, Belgium.



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

VAN DER WEYDEN

Christ on Cross with Virgin and St. John was purchased in Paris by two Philadelphians, John G. Johnson and P. A. B. Widener, when northern "primitives" sold at bargain prices.





BELLINI

St. Francis in Ecstasy, depicting moment when saint is about to receive stigmata, was bought by Industrialist Henry Clay Frick in 1915 from London dealer. Painted by

Giovanni Bellini in 1480 to hang in the house of patron, it shows the saint in lyrically rendered setting that seems illumined by St. Francis' gentle love of all in nature.



REMBRANDT

High price for Rembrandt was paid in 1911 by P.A.B. Widener, who bought *The Mill* from Marquess of Lansdowne collection for \$500,000.

TITIAN

Through Bernard Berenson, Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner in 1896 bought *Rape of Europa*, now ranked as among finest paintings in U.S.



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ings, flagrant infidelities and hys-
rows," says Author Saarinen. A
y bit of heiress in a housecoat of
colored feathers, she always collect-
ists along with their art. Surrealism
r first great passion, and it took her
marriage to Max Ernst. Abstract
sionism was her second, and includ-
penchant for Jackson Pollock as a
man. Now, full of years and honor,
res in a Venetian palace, paints her
and fingers silver, and has her gon-
ashed in blue to match her eyes.
call her "L'Ultima Dogaresa."

inen's book shows that collectors
ople (and not always the best peo-
They may not always have known
about art, but America's great col-
bought what they liked. Nearly all
th what they bought to U.S. mu-
Thus, in Author Saarinen's words,
private possessions have become
pleasures."

of the Jungle

ias Schneebaum, tall (6 ft.), lean
rown, took a deep breath, brought
allet smashing down on the rock
on the fakir's chest. An apprecia-
eer rose from the Peruvian natives,
ias liked being a fakir's helper; he
aid for it, and he needed the money,
scarcely seemed a suitable way of
r an artist on a Buenos Aires Con-
n grant. Tired of Lima, he set off
de Andes and made his way down
ladre de Dios River toward the
Peru-Bolivia frontier. Unarmed,
ith only a Roman Catholic lay
nary as companion, he finally
right off the known map into the
unknown. Three days out, the two
themselves surrounded by naked
kaireis.

Indians tore our clothes off and
e us minutely," says Tobias.
licked our hands to see if the
aint' could come off. After I
up some of their language, they
ully informed me that they no
ate people, but that their fathers
ere and there around the village,
ld spot a bone that looked suspi-
human. But they were so dammed
y." First offer of friendship: a meal
-chewed (to prove it unpoisoned)
y meat.

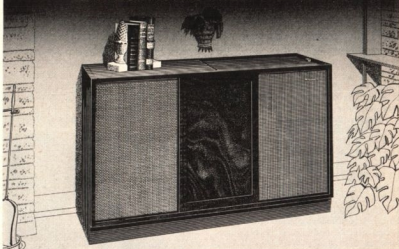
week the product of Tobias' three-
s' stay in the Amarakaire village
view at Manhattan's Peridot Gal-
n large, freely stroked oils, brown-
d, stark naked warriors tumbled in
the camouflaged mask of a jaguar
from a matted jungle.

thropologists are delighted with his
to summon up detailed accounts
amarakaire customs; a zoologist
d by to peer in astonishment at
Ozels. Says Tobias, now 37 and
ing in a Manhattan silk screen com-
to piece out his income: "I was
afraid. In fact, I was delighted to be
self in a world so completely re-
from civilization. I accepted the
without reservation, and in return
pted me."

Music becomes magic when Magnavox sets it free

Magnavox

magnificent
STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY



The Stereoorama—two separate sound systems give you a complete six-speaker Stereo system in a single cabinet. Contains two 15" woofers, 4 treble and mid-range speakers, diamond pick-up and many other high-priced features, yet costs only \$299.50. Other complete stereo systems from \$149.90 to \$1000.

Some prices slightly higher in far west.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY—FORT WAYNE, IND.



Grant's

LARGEST SELLING
8 YEAR OLD SCOTCH
IN AMERICA



NOW IN THE ECSTATIC
NEW TRIANGULAR BOTTLE

86 PROOF SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK—NEW YORK

The New Pictures

Party Girl (Euterie; M-G-M) is a caricature of an old-fashioned gangster picture, done in a clever but vulgar style. All the usual features are there, but all are comically exaggerated. The Little Caesar (Lee J. Cobb) is a sentimental old sweetie-pie with a heart almost as big as his sneer, who passes out diamond-crusted cigarette cases as if they were candy bars, gets a schoolboy crush on a studio still of Jean Harlow, and in fact has only one fault. He frequently rubs people the wrong way: out. The Big Mouthpiece (Robert Taylor), with his white-piped vests and pencil-line mustache, looks like a proper pallbearer at Dion O'Banion's funeral. The Chorus Girl (Cyd Charisse) is overwarily underworldly.

The violence is parodied too, but in a sly way that permits the moviegoer to lick his lips over the horror just before he sees the humor of a situation—or vice versa. One moment, for example, the audience is snickering at a dumb choline, and the next it is staring aghast at her lifeless body in a bathtub that seems at first glance to be full of raspberry soda—very picturesque in Metrocolor. And during a mob war, when a punk catches a packet, does he do the conventional clutch-and-crumple? Not at all. He explodes in the moviegoer's face like a ripe tomato—quite a bit of business in fast motion.

Unfortunately, the picture's plot (good girl helps bad guy go straight) fits the mood like a concrete overshoe, and the more than generous serving of cheesecake is pretty stuffy. In the fleshier episodes, Director Nicholas Ray seems to have striven to achieve a mood that is neither of the '30s nor of the '50s, but that might be said to contain the breast of both worlds.

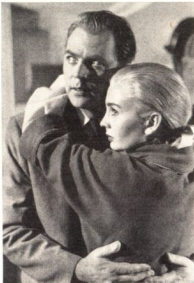
Home Before Dark (Warner). "Charlotte, you know you shouldn't have coffee on an empty stomach." "Charlotte, you really do smoke too much." "Charlotte, you look so tired. Do go take a nap now." "Charlotte, we simply have to go to Boston and get you some decent clothes." Charlotte (Jean Simmons) has just come home from a mental hospital, where she has spent a year and undergone eight applications of electroshock, and her stepmother (Mabel Albertson) is determined to do her duty by the unfortunate creature—no matter how unpleasant it may be for both of them.

Unhappily, Charlotte's husband (Dan O'Herlihy), a college professor who is usually summed up by those who know him best and like him least as a "stuffed shirt," feels pretty much the same way. He has long since fallen out of love with his wife, but he is glumly prepared to make the best of a bad bargain. After all, a divorce would undoubtedly be harmful to his career. So he sleeps in another room, and punishes her in a thousand small unconscious ways for giving him

a guilty conscience, and for keeping him from the woman he cannot, even to himself, admit that he loves—the wife's shapely stepsister (Rhonda Fleming).

As written, the story is a soap opera. To get sympathy for the heroine, the moviemakers have made her so sweetly reasonable and the rest of the family so viciously irrational that the moviegoer may find himself confused about which belfry the bats are really in. But as played, the film is often a remarkably intense and intelligent study of close relationships—the rare sort of drama that demonstrates how soap opera at its best can bear a true and moving resemblance to life at its worst.

Chief credit clearly belongs to Mervyn



O'HERLIHY & SIMMONS
Which belfry are the bats in?

(*Quo Vadis, No Time for Sergeants*) LeRoy, the old Hollywood pro who directed the picture. Under his skillful guidance, Actress Simmons gives one of her most sensitive and graceful performances. And even Rhonda Fleming has been persuaded to make a variety of facial expressions that generally accord with what she is saying. But Dan O'Herlihy steals the show with one of the year's finest screen performances. Limited, insensitive, frightened, petty, penny-pinching, pompous, ambitious, but with it all somehow trying to be decent, trying to be kind, the husband he portrays is the pitiful and terrifying type of the natural-born philistine, a forlornly average man.

The Seventh Seal (AB Svensk Filmindustri; Jonas). Ingmar Bergman, the 40-year-old Swede who wrote and directed this powerful and peculiar picture, is the son of a well-known Swedish clergyman, and he says that the film was inspired by childhood memories of "the strange vegetation of medieval paintings and

carved figures on ceilings and walls" in churches where his father preached. Working with several of the common themes of medieval art (the Black Plague, the Wise Fool, the Night Journey, Death Sawing at the Tree of Life, the Game of Chess with Death), Moviemaker Bergman has attempted "to express the modern dilemma" in the form of a medieval morality play—a tall order which he is seldom able to fill.

The Gothic spirit had the natural beauty and mysteriousness of a growing thing, Bergman's Gothicism, on the contrary, are as artificial and complex as paper roses, and spiritually they have about as much of the genuine Gothic mood and inwardness as the Mobiloil gargyle. In Bergman's camera, the most numinous and vital symbols are somehow diminished into mere ideas; but then the ideas seem marvelously clever. And strong religious feelings are dissipated into a sort of arty, romantic, death-wishful mood that is often hard to distinguish from sentimentality; but then the mood is unfailingly hypnotic. Such qualities, along with the fact that the film is beautifully photographed and composed, should make it a very special sensation for moviegoers who like an occasional exotic tidbit—in this case, something that often has the horrible fascination of a candied tarantula.

Windom's Way (Rank) is a British attempt, made in burning earnest and blazing Eastman Color, to wrestle with a major sociological question: How has the Communist sickle reaped its impressive political harvests in Southeast Asia? Adapted from the bestselling novel (Traz, June 2, 1952) by James Ramsey Ullman, the picture gives an answer competently calculated to stir a moviegoer's emotions but somewhat unlikely to satisfy his intelligence. The Communists, the film argues, are all too often the only alternative to economic exploitation, official corruption, roughneck rule. The peasants see Red when the future looks black.

As its example, the story takes a village near a British rubber plantation. When the villagers strike for the right to plant their own rice, the plantation manager (Michael Hordern) promptly whistles up his personal bullbys—the local police. When a mob storms the police compound, the government sends troops, and the villagers take to the hills and to Communism.

The story could have happened. But unfortunately it does not happen convincingly on the screen. The rubber boss is a caricature of Blimpieralism. All too many of the Asians are portrayed by actors who are obviously not as brown as they are grease-painted, and who talk rather better English than is commonly heard in the House of Lords. And in most of the scenes of violence, what might easily have seemed real turns out to be merely colossally. Still, Peter Finch plays with skill, charm and conviction as the hero, and in Marne Maitland, who plays a sinister native official, the British have exposed the public to what looks like the nastiest Oriental menace since the Chinese rot.

OUT

New pope

Today, just seven days after the election of Pope John XXIII was announced, you'll find a full-color photo of the new Pontiff on LIFE's cover. In nine pages of color and black-and-white pictures and text LIFE gives you the full election story.



TODAY

Record auction

In London early last week seven paintings were auctioned off in a record 21 minutes for a staggering total of \$2,186,000. This week's LIFE reproduces, in vibrant color, five of these beautiful canvases, including a Cezanne that brought \$616,000.



in the

Great debates

Throughout Illinois this year costumed citizens have been happily re-enacting the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates of 100 years ago. LIFE this week reviews the original campaign and pictures the excitement and color of the 1958 version.



NEW

Luggage lifting

To cope with the redcap shortage, Smith College freshmen are learning the gentle art of handling a heavy suitcase. LIFE pictures how the proper approach to this weighty problem can save a girl's back as well as her ladylike appearance.



issue of

LIFE

BOOKS

The Drumbeatniks

Maybe there are a lot of incompetent hangers-on who only want a place to come every day to sit around and wear nice clothes and act like big shots... But the ones that people don't think about very much are... doing things like helping the government, or guiding some great charity, or just quietly and competently guiding the destiny of a great company... that honestly and intelligently and faithfully advertises sound products to people who are glad to know about them. And that, after all, is what makes the economy go around.

The speaker is referring to the advertising business and is himself one of Manhattan's peons of praise—a little adman who wants to become a big adman. He is the main character of *A Twist of Lemon* (Doubleday; \$3.05), a Madison Avenue novel by Adman (Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc.) Edward Stephens, who writes in a style that is alternately arch and fallen arch. But Author Stephens' protagonist would instantly be on knife-in-the-back, wife-in-the sack terms with the huckster-heroes of half a dozen other new novels. The salient feature of this season's supply of advertising and public-relations fiction, all written more or less from the inside, is that people, plots and other parts are virtually interchangeable. If ad fiction can become plentiful and anesthetized enough, it may yet rival science fiction: the bug-eyed monsters will be replaced by tyrannical clients, the clean-cut spacemen by bright-eyed space-buyers, and the half-dressed blondes by other half-dressed blondes.

In 1946, when Novelist Frederic Wakeman sent Adman Victor Norman into the high-salary altitudes of *The Hucksters*, he let his man enjoy the big, bad money for a while, then shot him down in a barrage of back-ack. But the new heroes do not come to bad ends. They are drumbeatniks who brood during a few drinks about the morality of what they are doing, then get over it. Author Stephens' hero, for instance, guiltily grows an ulcer after he rings in an infected blood sample in the yearly Wassermann test the agency requires his boss to take. He also gets the boss's job, and at the fable's end looks forward to an old age of health and wealth. Other new reading matter for the 6:05 to Westport:

THE ADMEN (Simon & Schuster; \$4) is a sadly unsatiric novel by Satirist Shepherd Mead, onetime vice president of Benton & Bowles, who was wackily horrifying about the pitchman's trade in *The Big Ball of Wax*. This time the author does not try for laughs, instead achieves a notable first: a novel whose characters will have to be deepened before they are translated to the screen.

PAX (Random House; \$3.95) bears the pseudonym Middleton Kiefer on the front, on the back helpfully lifts the dis-



© Philippe Halsman
AD FICTIONEER MEAD
A roomful of midgets.

guise: the author is a committee, Harry Middleton and Warren Kiefer, onetime P.R. men for the drug firm Chas. Pfizer & Co. Writing at double strength, they achieve one of the most moving scenes of nobility in defeat since *The Song of Roland*. Pressagent Joe Logan has corrupted a war hero and seduced his fiancée while boosting a dangerous new tranquilizer; he is about to ditch his boss as a Senate committee begins to ask unpleasant questions. But the sight of his employer cruelly beset by Senators is too much. Logan's cry, as he unsheathes his blowgun and prepares to stand off the foe: "The little son of a bitch is going to need help."



AD FICTIONEER KELLY
A short man.

A REALLY SINCERE GUY (McKay; \$4), by Robert Van Riper, public-relations director of N. W. Ayer & Son's Philadelphia office, poses a puzzler: Can a publicity man who believes in low tariffs find happiness with a client who wants him to tout high tariffs? Van Riper's idealogue finds happiness for a while with a yummy girl reporter from a news magazine, finally goes back to his wife and the dream of all P.R. men: a nice little agency of his own, with clients who tariff low, pay high.

THE DETROITERS (Houghton Mifflin; \$3.95), by Harold Livingston, formerly of Detroit's D. P. Brother & Co., tells of the intrepid admen whose clients are the shaggy, beady-eyed aurochs of the auto industry. It offers a notable addition to the stream-of-consciousness technique ("If I left now, with no notice, they'd be in a terrible mess"... Just thinking about it, he could hear Jack Reynolds' ulcer dripping on the floor"), winds up with the same old fadeout: hero and buddy in a rose-covered ad agency of their own.

THE INSIDER (Holt; \$3.95), by James Kelly, a vice president of Ellington & Co., stands out amid other ad fiction like a short man in a roomful of midgets. The story of an evilly empty man's decline, fall and ironic resurrection is told thoughtfully, and is reading. The author's language is sometimes pretentious, but it is several grades better than that of the other ad fictioneers, who evidently do not have enough word power left over after churning out all those ads.

Bright Deeds Unquenched

LEYTE (455 pp.)—Samuel Eliot Morison—Atlantic-Little, Brown (\$6.50).

"Douglas, where do we go from here?" asked F.D.R.

"Leyte, Mr. President, and then Luzon!" promptly replied General Douglas MacArthur.

With that terse exchange in the flag cabin of the heavy cruiser *Baltimore* at Pearl Harbor in July 1944, the great and fateful campaign for the recapture of the Philippines was set in motion. By campaign's end, whatever chance Japan had of winning the war in the Pacific was irrevocably lost. The battle for the Gulf of Leyte decisively shifted the fortunes of war, and it is this action that dominates the twelfth volume of Samuel Eliot Morison's massively conceived and brilliantly executed account of U.S. naval operations in World War II (to run through 14 volumes).

Rear Admiral Morison gives the Leyte campaign an orchestral sweep and grandeur. The individual sections tune up with snatches of preliminary air strikes and landings. There is the expectant, esthetic hush as the carrier task forces rendezvous west of the Marianas. Finally, the downbeat of H-hour sends the landing craft streaking toward the beaches of Leyte and the full tympanic rumble and brassy glare of combat.

Blameworthy Bull. The bulk of the Japanese navy was divided into four groups. Two minor groups made up the



Hors d'oeuvre tree with arrangeable components, salad service and electric casseroles, all of aluminum, designed for the Alcoa collection by Don Wallace. Photographed by Becker-Horowitz.

FORECAST: THERE'S A WORLD OF ALUMINUM IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOMORROW . . . where the loveliest pieces on your festive table will be aluminum . . . gay and colorful aluminum . . . anodized, or porcelainized, or brushed to satiny richness . . . aluminum tableware so versatile you will cook in it, serve in it, and create table arrangements as original as a Gauguin canvas. Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh.



ALCOA ALUMINUM



Leading logger...the Bank that knows California

FINANCING THE FOREST is a Bunyan-sized job in California, where this year loggers will harvest a 500 million dollar crop.

Here is one business where money *does* grow on trees—but it takes a lot of doing to bring it down. Lumbermen must look for expert financial knowledge to assist them in growing, processing and marketing their product to the nation.

This expert assistance—delivered *on-the-spot* by offices

throughout California's woodland counties—has made Bank of America a working partner in the development of this vital industry.

Timber, typewriters or toothpicks—whatever *your* business in California, over 600 Bank of America branches in 350 communities can help solve your financial problems. Why not see us about them?



With resources of over ten billion dollars, Bank of America is the world's largest bank. It is owned by more than 200,000 stockholders.

BANK OF AMERICA

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO 20, LOS ANGELES 94
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

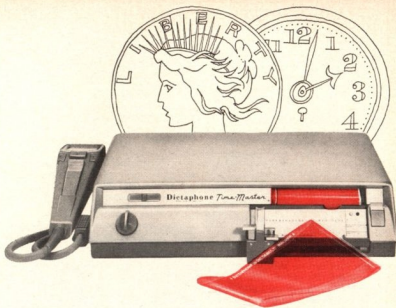
southern force, which was supposed to steam through Surigao Strait between Leyte and Mindanao. The main striking group was the central force, under Vice Admiral Kurita, which was to steam through San Bernardino Strait north of Leyte between Samar and Luzon. Like two arms of a nutcracker, the two fleets were to converge on Leyte Gulf, wipe out amphibious and supply craft there, and isolate MacArthur's forces on the island. A third (northern) force under Vice Admiral Ozawa was supposed to act as a decoy to lure off the powerful U.S. task force.

In coping with this Japanese maneuver, the U.S. Third and Seventh Fleets, Admirals Halsey and Kinkaid commanding, left the five-day-old Leyte beachhead perilously unguarded. Rear Admiral Clifton "Ziggy" Sprague's light task force of baby flattops with a destroyer screen was cruelly trapped by a surprise attack from San Bernardino Strait. On the question of who was to blame hinges the Leyte Gulf controversy that has sputtered ever since. Nearly all of Historian Morison's evidence in this book supports the notion that "Bull" Halsey was the most blameworthy; he fell for and chased the decoy force.

Guts & Gumption. There were three main actions in the Leyte Gulf battle, and each had its special tone, which Historian Morison perfectly captures. The battle of Surigao Strait might be called Operation By-the-Book. The first section of the Japanese southern force sailed into a night slaughter of destroyer torpedoes and heavy fire from cruisers and old battleships, with a single Jap destroyer surviving to join the second section, which simply turned tail and ran.

The battle off Samar could only be called Operation Gallant Underdog. Kurita's central force had sailed undetected through the San Bernardino Strait, where Halsey had left nary a patrolling destroyer ("Lord Nelson would have left a frigate," observes Morison caustically). As a result, Ziggy Sprague's escort carriers and destroyers found themselves all but staring up the muzzles of Kurita's big guns. "It was like a puppy being smacked by a truck," recalled one officer. Save for its limited airpower, this puppy-dog fleet had virtually no bite, but its scrappy, incessant barking threw the lumbering Japanese off balance. Single destroyers attacked the Japanese ships. Says Morison: "In no engagement of its entire history has the United States Navy shown more gallantry, guts and gumption." Japan's Kurita was so stunned by the resistance that he broke off the action, and when he heard Kinkaid "hallooing for help in plain English" (as Tokyo Rose later put it) in radio messages to Halsey, his central force high-tailed it back through San Bernardino Strait.

Final Frustration. Had Halsey heeded this first call for help, he might still have destroyed Kurita, but he was preparing a bone-crunching feast on Ozawa's forces, which he took to be the spine of the



You and your secretary can gain 2 hours a day with the new Dictaphone Time-Master. That's a fact.

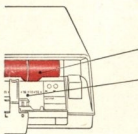
It's a fact proven by exhaustive time-study tests. Reasons? Your time is never wasted in waiting to dictate. Your secretary's time is never wasted by shorthand. And that's only the start of the effortlessness of the TIME-MASTER dictating machine.

You don't have to turn it on, never even wait for a warm-up—for it's transistor-built. You just lift the mike—with all the dictating controls right under your thumb—and talk. What's more, the exclusive recording medium is . . .

THE REMARKABLE DICTABELT RECORD

The Dictabelt's always right in plain view—like this—and it records *visibly* so you can always easily find your place. That's another timesaver. What's more, this record *can not* be erased by accident.

Corrections? They're marked here automatically by touchbuttons on the mike, so your secretary can spot them immediately. You ought to call your local Dictaphone office for a demonstration.



MORE THAN A DICTATING MACHINE — A MONEYSAVING INVESTMENT

Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trademarks of Dictaphone Corporation, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
204 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto, Canada . . . 17-19 Stratford Place, London W. 1, England.

Japanese navy. To do Halsey justice, his own aviators had misled him about an air strike on Kurita's fleet on Oct. 24 that he believed had reduced the central force to "an aggregation of cripples." As it was, the third phase of the Leyte Gulf Battle, off Cape Engaño, became Operation Frustration for Halsey, for the urgent calls from Kinkaid prevented him from polishing off even the decoy Ozawa (though his aviators did sink three of Ozawa's carriers and a destroyer).

Of Japan's four carriers, seven battleships, 13 heavy cruisers, six light cruisers and 36 destroyers in the Battle for Leyte Gulf, the bulk escaped, even though some were badly mauled. Yet the Japanese fleet never seriously challenged the U.S. Navy again, and the loss of Leyte meant the loss of the Philippines. But the acts of valor performed at Leyte or in any battle have a significance far beyond strategy in Morison's view, for they become "an imperishable part of our national heritage." He salutes the men of Leyte—and all brave fighting men—with some lines Pindar wrote 2,500 years ago:

*Across the fruitful earth and o'er the sea
Shoots a bright beam of noble deeds,
unquenchable . . .*

Beloved Guv'nor

MY YEARS WITH CHURCHILL (167 pp.)—Norman McGowan—British Book Centre—[\$3.95].

In one of his more lighthearted utterances, Winston Churchill said: "All babies are like me." The resemblance is more than superficial. Amidst the blooming, buzzing confusion which is an infant's world, Churchill remained the calm eye of the nursery hurricane, demanding a child's secure universe of bath (always at the same temperature), undisturbed nap, and steady liquid diet.

It was young Norman McGowan's finest hour when he was called upon in 1949 to be Churchill's valet and provide some of these necessary things. Recollecting his three years of service with the grand old man, McGowan has written an ingratiating book, seemingly almost by inadvertence. It is the English story on the classic theme of master and man that has been exploited by everyone from Shakespeare to Wodehouse. But no Jeeves is McGowan, no Wooster Churchill.

Kind Hearts & Coronets. McGowan was three years out of wartime sea duty when he was hired by the Churchills. Neither the Royal Navy nor the intense respectability of a good working-class family in Lancashire had prepared him for the oddities of the aristocracy. "Wow! Wow!" Mrs. Churchill would call from the hall at Chartwell, the Prime Minister's residence, as she arrived home.

"Wow! Wow!" Winston would answer. "Dear cat," he would say to his lady. "Dear pig," she would reply. Lest the reader get the wrong impression, Norman is careful to explain that his beloved "Guv'nor" only said that sort of thing because he was very fond of animals.

About those cigars. The book discloses to the world that Churchill smoked them only halfway; it was Norman's duty to collect the halves and take them in a special box to Kearn, one of the Chartwell gardeners, who smoked them in his pipe. Churchill smoked only nine cigars a day, says Norman, on the defensive about his guv'nor's habits, but he admits they were strong enough to make Prince George of Denmark (a nonsmoker) violently sick after three puffs. As for whisky, Churchill was always at it. But Norman explains that the mixture (with soda) was weak, and 'e probably didn't drink hardly enough in a day to kill three lesser men.

Children & Pets. Norman stoutly affirms that one great man was a hero to his valet, but wryly suggests that he had to be



Sunday Pictorial

VALET MCGOWAN

A long way between bath and bed.

a bit of a hero himself. From bath to bedtime (often a cup of "real" turtle soup at 2 or 3 a.m.) he had to look after the greatest package of will power and energy in the Western world. Also, he had to clean paint brushes and look after the remarkable Churchill wardrobe. In the uniform department, it was one of the most splendid seen in Europe since the fall of the Bastille. For the rest, Churchill hated to get new clothes. A comfort lower down in his underclothes (silk), he felt most comfortable in shabby suits, and his best hat was 33 years old.

Churchill got on well with children and with pets, which he treated like backward, and therefore privileged, humans. His poodle Rufus, his cat Mickey, and a black goat that took a fancy to him as he was painting in Marrakech, were his special pals. And he could not bring himself to carve a Christmas goose. "You'll have to give it, Clemmie; this goose was a friend of mine," he said to Mrs. Churchill.

Addicts of Churchilliana will read this valet's valedictory for bits of backstage gossip like this, yet the book is more than just another footnote to the Churchill

legend. It stands in its own right as a comedy of character. On foreign travel Norman hardly ever went to hear the guv'nor's speeches—he heard enough of his master's voice as it was. Yet Churchill always gravely consulted the young man after a speech: "I thought it went rather well, didn't you?" Invariably, Norman would answer, "Yes sir, very well indeed." Norman knew his place.

But what a place! There were times when, for all his kind heart, Winston would be bellowing for Norman's blood—as once when the bath was too hot. How to deal with a man who kept rumbling in the tub? "Do you want me?" Norman would ask. "I wasn't talking to you, Norman. I was addressing the House of Commons." Winston would answer, and carry on with his muffled oratory while twiddling the taps with his toes.

Ex-Valet McGowan today works as a harman in Liverpool. On his showing, it could be gathered that any man who says a harsh word against his guv'nor will get a very short beer.

Jungle Jean

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED (200 pp.)—Mongo Beti—Macmillan [\$3.50].

This is a lighthearted book about a serious theme—the confusion that a first whiff of education can bring to primitive people. Jean-Marie Medza is a French Cameroonian Negro who goes to college 40 miles from his native village, flunks his finals and returns home only to find himself saddled with a task for which college did not prepare him. His cousin's wife has run away to her father's tribe in the backwoods and Jean-Marie has been picked as just the right man to go and fetch her back. Off he bicycles into the jungle, trying to feel like a modern conqueror but uneasy at the thought of the reception he may get from the savage backwoodsman—an uneasiness that deepens when he arrives in the middle of a football match played with a wooden ball and 22 throwing-spears.

Actually, Jean-Marie's wild and woolly cousins are proud to welcome an educated man; the fact that he flunked his exams is a technicality they fail to grasp. He soon finds himself writing letters for the adults and giving lessons to the children. Everyone takes for granted that his city ways of love-making must be the epitome of charm. As Jean-Marie is actually a virgin, much of Author Beti's humor is spent on his hero's efforts to keep out of one bed by falling between two. In the end it is the jungle that educates Jean-Marie and sends him back, a more sophisticated type, to civilization.

One tribesman sadly predicted that Jean-Marie would live some day like white men, drink water from a tap, not from the spring, and even use a tablecloth at dinner. Author Beti, himself a native of the Cameroons, describes the tribal way of life with such affection and good humor that even the hardened Western reader will long to swap his faucets and tablecloths for the refreshing springs and loin-cloths of the Cameroonian sticks.



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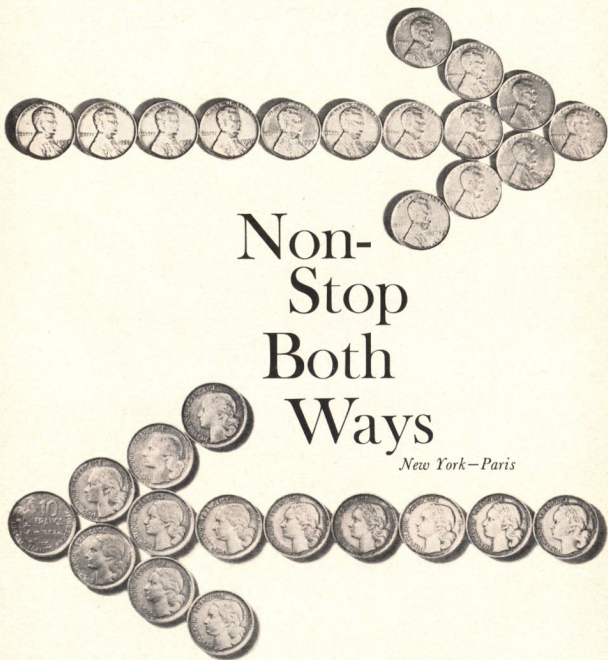


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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

The Last Hurrah. Spencer Tracy, who can also be seen fishing in cinematically troubled waters in *The Old Man and the Sea*, is far more at home playing a curly-haired, Curley-like Irish machine pol. The climax comes in a death scene that should wring tears from an Ulsterman.

Damn Yankees. The musical that played hell with the national game on Broadway gets a helluva good deal itself from Hollywood. With Dancers Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston.

Me and the Colonel. A notably comic and often touching study in the art of survival, demonstrated by Danny Kaye as a Polish refugee who keeps one jump ahead of the invading Nazi armies in France by using his brains and his heart.

The Defiant Ones. A short length of chain ties a couple of escaped convicts (Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier) together with a well-forged lesson about the real bonds of brotherhood.

The Reluctant Debuts. Mayfair never seemed quite so fair, or so gay, as when Rex Harrison and his wife Kay Kendall do the town.

From Abroad

Pathar Panchali (Indian). Director Satyajit Ray has produced the first cinematic masterpiece ever made in India: a stirring vision of life in Mother Asia.

The Case of Dr. Laurent (French). Country doctor Jean Gabin manages to make natural childbirth seem so natural that his patient is permitted to have her baby on screen.

TELEVISION

Wed., Nov. 5

United States Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Melvyn Douglas, who was done in *The Plot to Kill Stalin*, stays zestfully alive this time as a middle-aged surgeon whose appointment to a top post seems threatened by his hankering for a young model (Nancy Olson).

Thurs., Nov. 6

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Roddy MacDowell, Eartha Kitt, Oscar Homolka and Boris Karloff in a dramatization of Joseph Conrad's eerie masterpiece, *Heart of Darkness*.

Fri., Nov. 7

Walt Disney Presents (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). The man who made the mouse comes full circle with a report on the lion. *His Majesty, the King of Beasts* is taken from 100,000 ft. of film shot in Africa.

Sun., Nov. 9

Omnibus (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). The thesis is that the human body behaves under water like an atomic submarine, or vice versa, and Esther Williams is on hand to demonstrate why.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). The life of legendary Notre Dame Football Coach Knute Rockne, reconstructed from a cache of film that has

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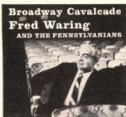


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The Chevy Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). The Rodeo, broadcast live from its San Francisco visit.

Mon., Nov. 10

Bold Journey (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). It sounds a little silly—delivering a herd of Nubian milk goats to French Equatorial Africa—but the Cincinnati Zoo's Dr. Byron Bernard thought Dr. Albert Schweitzer could use them, and he has this film to prove it.

All-Star Jazz Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). All kinds of noise, from the river boat of Louis Armstrong to the leaky boat of Les Brown and his Band of Renown; among those loitering between the extremes: Lionel Hampton, Hoagy Carmichael, Gene Krupa, Bob Crosby.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Pleasure of His Company. Suave drawing-room comedy with a deft Cyril Ritchard as a playboy prodigal father who turns up for his daughter's wedding and turns everything around him upside down. With Cornelia Otis Skinner.

A Touch of the Poet. Eugene O'Neill's giant strength and giant sprawl, in a long-ago tale of a boozing, illusion-ridden innkeeper—well played by Eric Portman—and his shattered pose as a fine gentleman. With Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley.

The Music Man. Robert Preston in a musicomedie that has all the jubilant old-time energy of a small-town jamboree.

My Fair Lady. Broadway has grown accustomed to her face—still one of the most attractive in sight.

The Visit. The Lunts enhancing a fascinating continental theater piece concerned with a rich woman's vengeful hate and a community that succumbs to greed.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. William Inge's 1920ish family chronicle, alternating parlor comedy with dark tensions; sometimes vivid, sometimes merely facile.

Two for the Seesaw. Uneven but amusing and touching two-character tale of a split-level, ghost-ridden love affair.

Look Homeward Angel. Less bulky and autobiographical than Thomas Wolfe's parent novel, and more the portrait of a memorable family at once riveted and riven. Pulitzer Prize and Critics' Award Winner.

On Tour

Auntie Mame. The wackiest aunt since Charley's is fracturing CHICAGO (Constance Bennett) and SAN FRANCISCO (Eve Arden), while Sylvia Sidney in the same role is hopping about as frantically as Mame herself, playing in TEXAS, LOUISIANA and ARKANSAS.

My Fair Lady. The CHICAGO cast may not be up to the original Broadway lineup, but what does it matter?

Look Back in Anger. A hero who is mad at all the world, including himself, makes for uneven but fairly arresting theater. IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Music Man. Oompah, oompah and hurrah! IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Two for the Seesaw. Ruth Roman and Jeffrey Lynn are seesawing away in TORONTO.

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BOOKS

Best Reading

Breakfast at Tiffany's, by Truman Capote. Sometimes sordid but always amusing and touching recollections of assorted waifs and strays, mostly one called Holly Golightly, the hottest kitten yet to hit the author's typewriter keys.

Mistress to an Age, by J. Christopher Herold. A fine biography of Mme. de Staël, lusty literary salonkeeper at the time of the French Revolution.

The Memoirs of Field Marshal Montgomery. Monty tells all, and tells it extremely well.

Our Man in Havana, by Graham Greene. A thriller about a vacuum-cleaner salesman sucked into the British secret service like a helpless piece of carpet fluff.

Child of Our Time, by Michel del Castillo. A childhood in Europe's concentration camps, heartrendingly recalled.

The Klondike Fever, by Pierre Berton. The Yukon revisited.

In Flanders Fields, by Leon Wolff. An absorbing account of one of the bloodiest bangles of World War I.

The Secret, by Alba de Céspedes. A sensitive glimpse into the problems of a middle-aged Italian woman suggesting that home is where the heart is, but the heart is not always in the home.

Women and Thomas Harrow, by John P. Marquand. A poor little lamb who lost his way on Broadway and in life.

Doctor Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. The great novel that won its author the Nobel Prize. Both an indictment of Communist inhumanity and a moving hymn to the Russian people's humanity.

Lolita, by Vladimir Nabokov. About a middle-aged monomaniac's obsession with an adolescent "nymphet." Brilliantly written, by turns hilarious and horrifying, it is a strange but major work of fiction.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Lolita*, Nabokov (1)
2. *Doctor Zhivago*, Pasternak (3)
3. *Around the World with Auntie Mame*, Dennis (2)
4. *Women and Thomas Harrow*, Marquand (4)
5. *The Best of Everything*, Jaffe (5)
6. *Anatomy of a Murder*, Traver (6)
7. *Exodus*, Uris
8. *The Ugly American*, Lederer and Burdick (9)
9. *The King Must Die*, Renault
10. *Angelique*, Golon

NONFICTION

1. *Only in America*, Golden (1)
2. *Aku-Aku*, Heyerdahl (2)
3. *On My Own*, Roosevelt (4)
4. *Kids Say the Darndest Things!*, Linkletter (7)
5. *Inside Russia Today*, Gunther (9)
6. *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, Boyington (3)
7. *The Affluent Society*, Galbraith (6)
8. *The Insolent Chariots*, Keats (5)
9. *The Three Edwards*, Costain
10. *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, Kerr

(Numbers in parentheses indicate last week's position.)

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1930



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